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Children's Newspaper, December 15, 1928

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
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THE NATION AND THE KING

KING GEORGE

A NATION'S SYMPATHY

The Sorrowing Groups Around the Palace Gates

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

Nothing was more touching during the early weeks of the King's long and painful illness than the eager affection with which his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the oldest to the youngest, scanned the bulletins the doctors issued about his condition.

At Buckingham Palace when the tidings was pasted up in a mahogany frame by the railings the crowd which had waited for it would surge forward and those who were nearest and able to read it passed the news to those behind.

An Anxious People

It was an emblem of what was happening all over the country. The first news any Briton asked of his newspaper was news of the King. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, would ask any doctor what he could tell them about it, and what he thought of it. "The King is sure to get better? The King is a little better today, isn't he?" The oft-repeated question was an index of the wish that was father to the thought. If hopes and prayers could avail the King had them from all his people, full measure, pressed down and running over.

One might say that the whole nation, and the whole British Empire, stood in waiting outside the sick-room in Buckingham Palace, waiting for a sign. The important people of the land might pass within the gates to the Reception Room and sign their names as a token of loyalty and concern in the Visitors' Book. The humbler sort inscribed their names on pages that no eye can see, but which, in their invisible lettering, help to make up the legible book of a country's history.

The Prince Comes Home

History is made up of innumerable things—who shall say which among them is the most important of them all?

A thrill of satisfaction ran through millions of hearts when it became known that the Prince of Wales, in the midst of his African holiday, had abandoned it at once so that he might come home to stand by the bedside. It was not that he feared that anything serious threatened, but he felt he must hurry home to see his father.

That was the thought of a Prince. There is another thought of a boy who was no more than an unimportant member of a troop of Sea Wolves who had been on duty at the Albert Hall on Armistice Day. But before he went back to the Isle of Man he thought he must let the King know, or let somebody at the Palace know, how he felt about the King's illness. Very early in the morning he bought a bunch of flowers at King's Cross, and he told the two flower-girls from whom he bought them that he was going to leave them at the Palace. When they heard that the flower-girls said they would like to add a few roses of their own to the bunch.

Then there was the pathetic little story of Old Kate. Old Kate sells race cards at most of the great races the King goes to, and always, on meeting, the King would buy his card from her. Kate happened to go to the Palace gate, as thousands of others did, just to learn for herself how the King was that morning; and the newspaper man was there, of course, with his camera. So it was that Old Kate got into the papers, and who should see her there but King George himself? With that instinct for the right thing always characteristic of him, the King had a friendly letter sent to Kate, one of the few letters he could send out before the crisis of his illness came.

It was just a little thing, but, as we have said, Life and History are made up of little things, and by such tokens it is that we have known our gracious King these eighteen years and more. Our memories of him are such as we would not willingly let go.

Good King George



Few young readers of the C.N. have seen a more remarkable manifestation of sympathy than has been aroused throughout the country and throughout the Empire by the very anxious period of King George's illness.

LAST OF HIS LINE

Henry XXVII of Reuss-Greitz

The captains and the kings depart. Henry XXVII of Reuss-Greitz has been gathered to his fathers, and there will be no Henry XXVIII, for his son is a simple citizen of Germany who wins renown as a theatrical manager.

For many generations Reuss-Greitz was one of the tiny principalities of Germany which were welded together into an aggressive empire under the Hohenzollerns by the Franco-Prussian War, and have now been scattered to the four winds of heaven by the same Hohenzollerns in another and greater war.

Nobody is a penny the worse for the disappearance of the kingly house of Reuss-Greitz, whose members for three centuries were all named Henry, so that in time there were hundreds of them, and those who reigned were counted up to one hundred and then began again.

It may be that the people of the little State, who number 80,000, are glad that now they may begin again, without a king, and be allowed to get on with their work without a Court—or an army.

THE MAN WHO RAN ON

Eric Liddell Wins Another Race

LEAPING ON TO A STEAMER

One of the finest athletes in the world is Eric Liddell, the champion runner in the Olympic Games and the Scottish Rugby International.

Mr. Liddell has distinguished himself in other directions also. He secured his degree of Bachelor of Science at Glasgow University with high distinction. He is also a very popular speaker, and keenly enjoys camping with boys.

For the last three years Mr. Liddell has been teaching Chinese boys in the Anglo-Chinese College of the London Missionary Society at Tientsin. Since he has been there the college athletes have greatly improved, and they have won many championships.

Mr. Liddell himself still finds time for athletics, and he recently crossed from China to Japan to take part in an international sports meeting there.

A Race Against Time

He discovered on arrival that his race, the 400 metres, was timed to be run only a quarter of an hour before the steamer left the dock in Japan to take him back to China. He arranged for a taxi to be waiting for him on the sports ground, and when the time came for his race, which he won, he did not stop at the winning-post but ran straight on, jumped into the waiting taxi, and reached the dockside to see the Tientsin steamer, fifty yards away from him, just leaving the side. In between were parcels and boxes and barrels and all the usual dockyard impedimenta.

Liddell steeplechased over these and raced to the end of the dock which the steamer had to pass on her way out. With a tremendous flying leap he jumped across 15 feet of water and landed on the deck of the moving steamer.

FINDINGS IS KEEPINGS

The Crab and the Purse

When a thrifty Dutchman dropped his purse overboard from the Ymuiden trawler he sorrowfully said good-bye to it. Purses falling into Davy Jones's locker usually stay there.

But this purse fell into the clutches of a crab, which, though unable to find in it anything of value to a crab, kept it tightly clenched in its claws.

It may have been this very greed which was the crab's undoing. At any rate, it was not agile enough in getting out of the way of a Grimsby trawler's net, and it was caught, purse and all.

That is the end of the story so far as the crab is concerned. The Grimsby trawler's owner, more inquiring than the crustacean, found an address inside the purse, and restored it to its owner in Holland.

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GOVERNMENT OF OUR TOWNS

Bill to Ease the Rates

SPREADING THE COST OF HELPING THE POOR

In the last session of the present Parliament, just begun, the House of Commons is considering a huge Bill for the reform of local government.

Though its details are extraordinarily complicated, its main outlines are simple and exceedingly important. They are grouped under three heads.

One part of the Bill attempts to lessen unemployment by relieving industry of part of the burden of the rates. No rates are to be paid on agricultural land, and only a quarter of the ordinary rates on factories, workshops, mines, and railways, though the railways are to pass on the benefit by reducing charges on transport of coal, iron, steel, and agricultural produce.

Grants from the Treasury

The loss of income to the local government authorities caused by these concessions is to be made up by grants from the Treasury.

Another part of the Bill changes the system on which special grants are made from the Treasury to aid local authorities in their work, especially for the preservation of health. Hitherto, whatever the local authorities have spent, the Government has supplied a fixed proportion of it; now it is to supply a lump sum, which will be the same whether the local authority spends much or little from the rates.

The remaining part of the Bill makes reforms in the actual machinery of local government. The present Boards of Guardians are abolished, and their work is taken over by the County Councils and the councils of the great towns.

Cost of Poor Relief

These will work through Public Assistant Committees, which will consist partly of members of the councils and partly of members from outside. Under these committees will be smaller local committees to carry out the work of considering applications for relief.

The chief object of this part of the Bill is to spread the cost and responsibility of Poor Relief over wider areas, so that the poor shall not be left to relieve the poor.

There is strong opposition to a large part of these reforms, and it will take a long time to get them agreed to.

TALE OF A RAG-PICKER

America's Dick Whittington

Over in America a rich and powerful man has died whose name means nothing to most British people, but his story ought to mean much.

George Jones came of terribly poor parents. When he was a little chap at school he used to spend his spare time picking rags in order to earn a few cents for his mother. Later he made himself a cardboard model of a typewriter and practised with it at home till he was fit to use a real one in someone's office.

Such a worker was bound to succeed. In 1890 he got a post with the Standard Oil at 10 pounds a month, and at the end of one day's work it was raised to 12 pounds. The loyalty and intelligence of the little rag-picker carried him on till he was chairman of the board and a great power in his industry.

His story proves once more that we make our chances, and chances do not make us.

THE INVISIBLE LADY

New Bank Note Puzzle

FIND BRITANNIA WITH A HELMET

It is seldom that the august Bank of England has a little joke with its innumerable clients, but it offers one on its new bank notes in the form of a picture puzzle, which is where to "find the lady."

Offer a well-disposed friend one of the new notes, after taking proper precautions for its return, and ask if he can see a mysterious lady on it. She is at first invisible, but when the note is held up to the light she instantly appears, armed cap-à-pie with a helmet. By some she is suspected of being the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. She



The Ladies of the Banknotes

is certainly a guarantee that the note is genuine, because her helmeted head is the Bank's own watermark.

Forgers can imitate fairly well the printing of a bank note, but the watermark defeats them, because it is put in during the manufacture of the paper.

Bank-note paper, which is of a special kind and very hard to imitate because of its qualities of toughness combined with thinness, is made, as other papers are, in long strips which are rolled and rolled again till the paper is of just the right thickness. The watermark is put in at a selected stage in the rolling process by an additional roller which is called a dandy, and which stamps the long strip of still pulpy and unfinished paper with the figure at proper intervals.

Obstacles for the Forger

The strip, when dried and finished, is cut into the right lengths for the bank notes and on each length the stamped figure, design, or name now appears as a watermark. This is a thing a forger would find it very hard to reproduce, because it would require special rollers, including the dandy roller, to make the unusual paper and impart to it the selected watermark.

The invisible helmet appears on both the 10s. and the £1 notes, but the £1 notes have another protection against forgery. The words "Bank of England" are printed on them more than a hundred times, though few would perceive it at first glance. The words are repeated in the stippling at the bottom of the note. That is another obstacle for the forger to surmount.

17,000 MILES IN SIX WEEKS

The Wonder of a Flight

Sir Philip Sassoon has been writing for The Times the story of his six-weeks flight of 17,000 miles, a journey of which The Times says:

To be able to traverse France and Italy and Greece in twenty-one hours, to breakfast beneath the Parthenon and take tea on the same day in the shadow of the Pyramids, to look at the Sphinx from above, to fly over the Pyramids instead of climbing up them, to know Khartoum and Karnak and Gaza and Jerusalem and the heaps of mud that were Babylon and Nineveh, to fly up the Nile and down the Euphrates, to survey Bagdad and Delhi and Jodhpur and the mountains of India: these, and the memories of far-off ancient days are only some of the incidents and the wonders to be found at every turn along the airway to the East.

THE MAN WHO WAS TO BE FAMOUS

Looking On at His Reader

We hope there is still somewhere in the world the lady who was once seen reading Sir James Barrie's first book. Sir James has been telling the story.

The man who had written the book, he says, remembers like yesterday the only person he ever saw reading it. She was a stranger to him and it was in a box outside Denny's bookshop in Holywell Street. The drizzle of an autumnal day had ceased, and from the Strand came the roar of a great city.

He stood watching her. She was a brunette, willowy, but the chief thing about her was that she was reading his book. Several times she tried to go away from it, but she had to return to it. Her tapered fingers strayed again and again to her purse.

The Sun was now sinking in the west. At last she went off without buying, but he felt that if the book had been ever so little better he would have got her.

A WORLD'S CENTRE

The Great Little Falklands

The Governor of the Falkland Islands surprised many people in a speech in London the other day.

He said that the Islands were supposed to be of little importance to the Empire, yet they are the greatest whaling centre in the world, and provide over 90 per cent of the world's whale oil.

The isles are the most southerly colony of the Empire; they lie about 250 miles east of the South American coast. Davis first saw the group of isles and reefs in 1592, but Holland and France and Spain claimed them in turn. At the end of the eighteenth century England and Spain nearly fought a war over these uninhabited rocks, but Spain yielded at last.

In 1868 the isles were colonised, chiefly by Scottish shepherds, and now they have schools, a Governor, a Bishop, and a handsome revenue.

YORKSHIRE BRED

The Ribston Pippin's Fall

The Ribston Pippin has fallen down, blown down by the gale in Ribston Park, where it had stood for two hundred years. It was the father of the tribe and had seen its seed spread all over the world, wherever there are good Englishmen to love good apples.

Like the seed of the righteous man extolled in Ecclesiasticus, its seed endureth and men speak forth its praise. But the old tree itself, a sturdy native of Yorkshire, is not quite done with yet.

Its roots still hold fast and sure in Yorkshire soil, and from the shattered stump a little shoot still holds a gallant head above ground. The head gardener at Ribston Hall thinks that in time this slender offspring may bear as many apples as the old tree did.

CHARITY NO CRIME

The Starving Dog at the Door

We congratulate the magistrates at Enfield.

The other day Leslie Askie, of Rosebery Road, Edmonton, found a starving dog at his door. He fed the poor creature and it refused to leave him, so he reported the matter to the police. Someone might be inquiring for his lost pet. Meanwhile, he would feed it till the owner claimed his waif.

The next thing that happened was that Mr. Askie was summoned for keeping a dog without a licence. He told his story to the magistrates, who dismissed the case. The police inspector said it was unlawful to harbour a dog without a licence, but the magistrates declined to punish Mr. Askie for an act of charity.

WHERE SCHUBERT WENT TO SLEEP

His Last Room in Vienna

A LITTLE GATHERING 100 YEARS AFTER

From a Vienna Correspondent

A hundred years ago Franz Schubert died in Vienna, and at three o'clock the other day, at the hour of his death, men of all countries gathered in the room where he died, to do homage to his name.

Outside, in a sad November rain which seemed as if Nature was weeping for one who had so often praised her in song, the crowd waited patiently to see the little house, over which hung the Austrian flag, draped with black, and below it a lyre, the emblem of song, wreathed in fir boughs from a place he loved, a fitting token to this simple, kind-hearted little man whose only failing was too great a modesty.

Songs on Coffee-House Bills

And he was a very little man; only an inch over five feet high, and in the gay, jostling crowds thronging the streets of Vienna he must have passed unnoticed, for he had no fame during his life—only the affection and admiration of his small circle of intimate friends. Dying so young, at only 31, the people of Vienna had not realised the genius in their midst when he left them, and he was always poor, so poor that often he had no money even to buy music paper, and some of his most famous songs were written on coffee-house bills. It was his songs that made his name; he wrote an incredible number; 146 in one year alone, and all have lived.

The works of Schubert were from the heart, not from the head, said Professor Krickel the other day, and it is to this that they owe their spontaneity and freshness that is so appealing and can be understood by all. He made the world happier, said the professor, and surely no greater tribute could be paid to any man. Franz Schubert had no lofty ambitions, but the world is happier for his short stay here.

Two Old Friends

In an old town on the Rhine were two old friends, both admirers of Schubert, and when they were 80 they would play his music together.

Now at 85, the one remaining can no longer play his violin, but he can listen to his favourite music. "Ah! what a joy Schubert has been in my life," he wrote to a friend.

Once more the flowers have faded on his tomb and on his monuments, but the passing of the centuries will not dim the memory of Franz Schubert.

THINGS SAID

Sing and grow slim.
Madame Clara Novello-Davies

Money has no lure for me.
Signor Mussolini

Dog-racing is on its last legs.
The Home Secretary

The Salvation Army is the only army nobody wants to reduce. *Lord Astor*

Why should people not borrow copies of great pictures from lending libraries?
Sir Michael Sadler

In 50 years our ploughing has diminished by nearly five million acres.
Dr. A. Ruston

Wealth, station, Society, pleasures, are nothing compared with the laughter of children. *Lady Austen Chamberlain*

Few people know that Britain produces 25 per cent of the world's armaments.
Lord Cecil

The Englishman seems to have learned restraint and leadership when boys in other countries were learning Latin and arithmetic.
Ex-King George of Greece

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WHERE DIAMONDS LIE LIKE STONES

WHAT LIFE IS LIKE THERE

The Men Who Must Not Put Their Hands in Their Pockets

A HARD LOT

It is natural to suppose that diamonds and other precious stones are valuable simply because they are beautiful; the fact is, of course, that they are valuable because they are rare as well.

If they were as plentiful as sea sand they would be worth no more than the cost of transport, however beautiful they were. That is why it is at least as important to the diamond dealer to keep diamonds rare as it is to find them.

There is a place in South Africa, as the C.N. has already pointed out, where diamonds are almost as plentiful as gravel—so plentiful that if the world were free to go and pick them up, as we used to "pick up gold and silver" in the game of Tom Tiddler's Ground, they would be worth little more than so many bits of sparkling glass. And people live there.

What can life be like where diamonds are as common as stones? The accounts do not make it sound very delightful.

Surrounded by Barbed Wire

The new diamond field is in Namaqualand, and is the property of the Union Government. An area of 25 square miles is surrounded by a barbed wire fence seven feet high. Round a smaller area inside that fence is another fence, and inside this inner fence live 32 men collecting and packing the diamonds.

Their work is to remove the boulders from the bed of a ravine and to pick up the diamonds they find below them. Under one boulder thus removed nearly 150 single stones were found lying together in a heap. The boulders are embedded in sand and gravel, and two men, on their knees, dig into the gravel with pointed hammers and hand the diamonds as they find them to a man carrying a small tin who is called their supervisor. Every half hour the supervisor carries his tin to the chief supervisor. The loosened gravel is carted away in wheelbarrows to be sifted and washed, always by two men and a supervisor.

Guarding the Diamonds

No one may put his hand in his pocket: everyone must remove his boots before going off duty. No one may leave the enclosure without special leave, and usually not oftener than once a month during the six months for which he is engaged. Between the inner and outer fences policemen patrol day and night, and a powerful searchlight plays on the camp enclosure throughout the night.

Nevertheless, diamonds are constantly being offered for sale by the Namaqualand natives, but these people say they are of their own getting from their own secret digging places outside the fenced area. The men are ceaselessly watched or examined, yet recently the Government recovered six million pounds' worth of what are called illicit diamonds at a cost of £40,000.

Who are the happier people, we wonder, we who live where diamonds are rare, or these men who live where they are as common as stones?

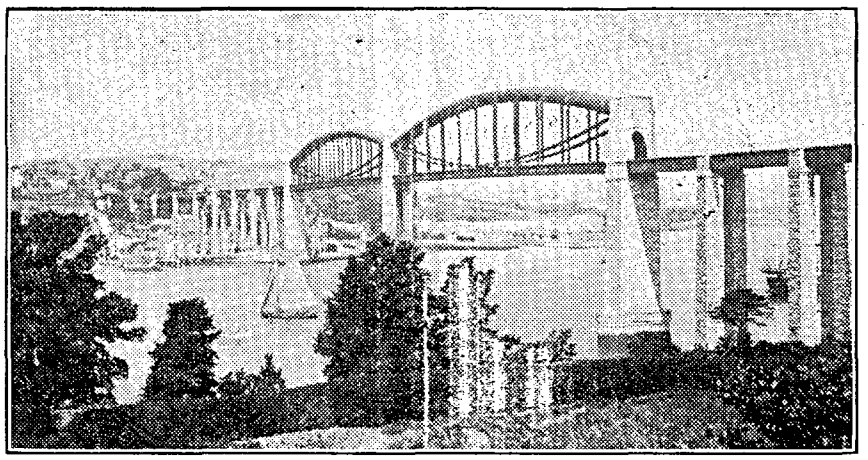
MUSSOLINI'S VOICES

Signor Mussolini has invented a new gallery of fame for eminent Italians.

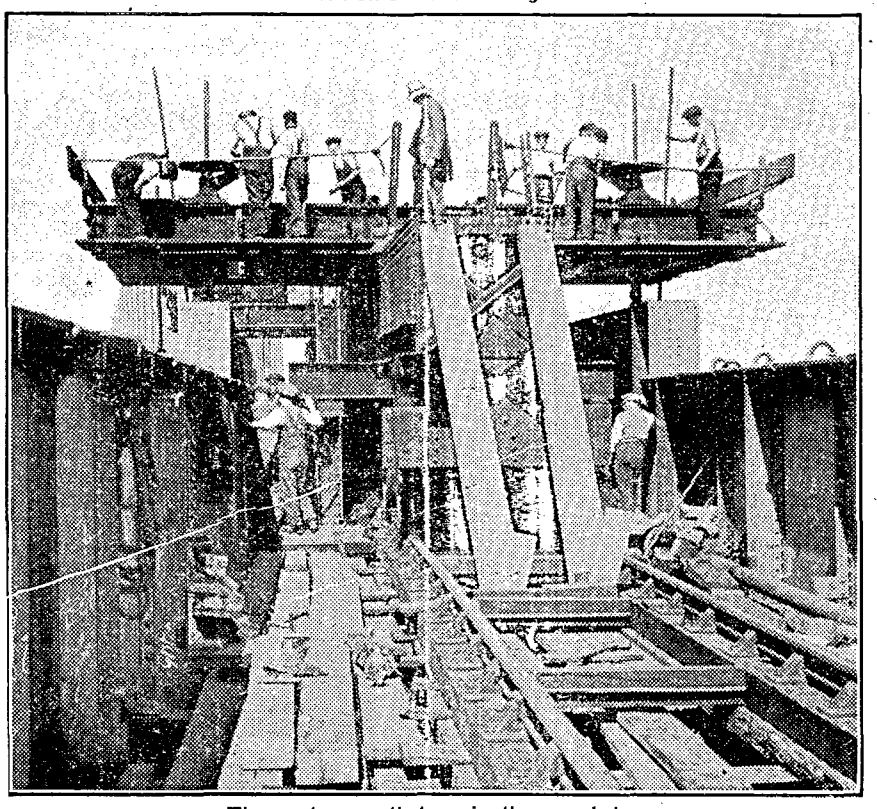
Gramophone records are to be taken of the voices of all who have in his opinion brought lustre on the name of their country and deserved well of her.

Records are to be sold by the National Association of War Cripples for its funds.

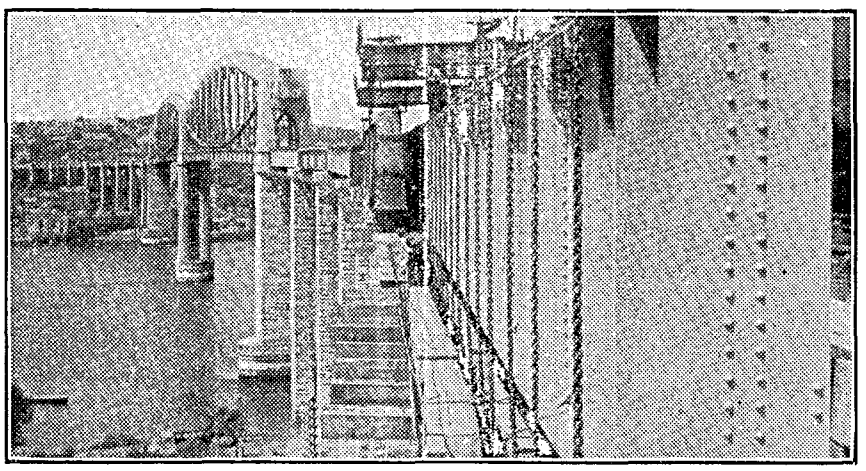
NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD BRIDGE



A view of Saltash Bridge



The great wagon that carries the new girders



Placing the new girders in position



Taking out old girders and putting in new ones

A remarkable engineering feat is being carried out on Isambard Brunel's great bridge over the Tamar, which was built 70 years ago. As these pictures show, old girders are being replaced with new ones, and the work is done on Sundays only so that the train service shall be interrupted as little as possible. **See next column.**

BRUNEL'S BRIDGE

RESPANNING OVER THE TAMAR

Remarkable Engineering Feats Performed on Sundays Only

GREAT WORK GOING ON

Everyone who has travelled into Cornwall by way of Plymouth knows the great Saltash railway bridge over the River Tamar.

Built by the great engineer Brunel in 1859, it crosses the river by 19 spans, which cover a length of 2200 feet. The spans over the river itself are two out of the 19, and each of the two is 450 feet long.

After nearly 70 years of use those two vast spans are still almost as sound and good as they ever were; they remain a monumental tribute to the genius of Isambard K. Brunel, who planned them. But the land spans of the bridge, which from each side approach the two main spans over the stream, have not stood the racket of the big modern railway engines nearly as well. Indeed, 15 of them have had to be one by one renewed.

How the Work is Done

The problem has been how to do it with the least possible interference with the trains crossing to and from Cornwall. The reconstruction is being carried on by engineering gangs working between nine in the morning and two in the afternoon on Sundays only. And this is how it is being done.

A great erection wagon consisting of a 90-feet girder and carrying four cross girders, each pair equipped with big lifting screws for moving loads sideways, has been mounted at each end on engine bogies, and has been slowly run out to act as a temporary span. The erection girder has carried out the new main girders to fit the span. The old girders have been lifted out sideways by 40-ton hydraulic jacks, the new main girders lowered to their right position, and then the erection girder has been drawn back again, carrying with it the old main girders.

Renewed While You Wait

In this way seven spans were renewed on the Devonshire side between March and July this year, and now the Cornish spans are in hand, and the only interruption of the traffic has been while the work was being carried on on Sundays.

The cross girders, which were comparatively new throughout the whole bridge, have not been changed.

Thus 15 of the land spans of the Saltash bridge have been, or will be, renewed "while you wait," and the waiting has been of very little account. It has only involved some alterations in the timing of express trains, and the use on Sundays, for local passengers, of a motor-car service that has crossed the Tamar by ferry. *Pictures on this page*

A WORD THAT IS WANTING

As the C.N. has noted, the charabanc with a bathroom has been aptly named the Charabath, and the new depth-finding instrument on the Leviathan is called the Fathometer because it measures fathoms.

Many nicknames are called but not all are chosen. The Lafograph, which is to record the laughter in theatres and kinemas when the comic man is on, is one which may find some difficulties in its path.

The instrument can measure the loudness of the laughter, but what about the loud laugh which betrays the vacant mind? The Lafograph cannot distinguish that; and the laughter which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot will also be beyond its critical powers.

We hardly think the Lafograph will stay so long as to become as familiar in the mouth as household words.

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THE TALKING FILM

DOES ANYBODY WANT IT?

Robbing the Deaf of a Land of Paradise

THE QUIET OF THE KINEMA

When the people who make the moving pictures tell the world that the talking film is coming, those who go to kinemas may reply that the movietone has already come, and they do not like it.

It is astonishing, as all new things are, but we soon get over the surprise of hearing a famous writer utter a few commonplaces as he walks up and down, and we then realise that he might be more enlivening if we did not see him, but were reading one of his books.

To that the inventors might reply that this is only a beginning, and that the day will come when something far better will be presented—a play, a public ceremony, a popular spectacle. The films themselves were not first-rate when they began.

The Fascination of Silence

The difference is that from the first the kinematograph was a pleasure as well as a surprise. The simplest thing it showed, a waterfall, or horses tugging a load, or leaves fluttering in the wind, were, and always will be, beautiful. We are not so sure that the utterances of the movietone actors will be at all delightful to the ear.

The greatest charms of the film are in its silence and remoteness. It can be like Keats's "magic casements, opening on perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." It can bring back the knights and ladies of a medieval story. It can picture the growth of a nation. It can evoke the life of the jungle. The wonder of these things is that they are a reality within an illusion. Impart sounds to them, and the bubble breaks: the vision vanishes.

Some love the pictures because they are noiseless; it is their very silence that is often their fascination. There is rest in them after the noise outside. They have no motor exhausts, no rattling trams, no shrieking horns or grinding brakes, no yells or hoots. In this land of dreams life moves soundlessly.

A Delight for the Deaf

And the kinema is *a land of paradise for the deaf*. It is the one thing they can enjoy as well as anybody else. It might have been invented for them.

Has anybody in the kinema world ever thought of this? Has it been sufficiently realised that those who live in the Silent World, where no sound comes to their closed ears, find in the films the one pleasure of its kind which they can share with all? A third of our people suffer in some degree from deafness. The talking film will rob them of the few bright things they can find in the realm of entertainment.

What is as much to be feared is that it will rob the rest of the world as well of something it has gained, and give us something we do not want. The art of the theatre is one thing, the art of the film is another. If a new technique is imposed on it, compelling its pictures to correspond with sounds, it will probably deteriorate.

We often hear a portrait praised as a speaking likeness; but very often it is true that if it could speak all its charm would be gone.

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.

Drop it in the Bus

THE LOST LEADER

Wu Pei-fu's Swan-Song

Where is Wu Pei-fu? Where is the Tuchun of yesterday? Once China hailed him as its most victorious general; the name of the Tuchun Wu Pei-fu was on every tongue, and many taels flowed into his pockets.

Now he is lost, gone without trace, leaving only a poem behind. Some say that the brilliant warrior hides in sanctuary as a priest of Buddha, and walks with shaven head and meek eyes in some obscure temple garden in Szechuan. So only can a fallen tyrant escape the sword of the assassin in the whispering gallery of China.

Epitaph or Election Address?

The poem that he left may be merely his epitaph. On the other hand, if he still lives it may be his election address. It contains laments for his sad condition and sorrowful glances toward the past, but it appears to promise that he is still keeping an eye on his enemies.

We who have slept with our swords under our pillows, how shall we ever part?

That is one line from the Tuchun's swan-song; and he recalls that his comrades shared his hardships gladly.

Lonely, miserable, and hungry though they were,
Yet they gaily sang in exile beyond the passes.

But now there is none so poor as to do the Tuchun reverence.

When he left office there was nothing before his door but sparrows which could easily be caught.

Because there were no crumbs for them. Yet Wu Pei-fu remarks that when the wheel of fortune turns and the defeated soldier returns to office his tent is crowded with suitors, and he has myriads of troops. That seems to hold out a threat or a promise that the Tuchun is not yet an extinct volcano, and he concludes:

The warrior does not flee to avoid danger,
Which only gives him a chance to show his bravery.
He will yet slay the robbers like a devouring fire,
And water his horse once more in the waters of the Yangtze.

We shall discover what that means, no doubt, when Wu Pei-fu reappears.

THE ONE WAY TO END WAR

Do Not Fight

It has always been said, and it is, of course, perfectly true, that the one way to end war is for men not to fight.

It has always been said, however, that in spite of all peace movements men would fight at the bidding of their masters—that is, of their politicians or their Governments.

There are not many examples in history where soldiers have refused to fight, but a remarkable case has just been revealed in a letter to The Times, where it is announced for the first time that such a thing happened in one of the new States bordering on Hungary when the dethroned Emperor Carl attempted to recover the Hungarian crown some three years after the war.

Hungary's neighbours believed that if Carl regained the throne the country they had gained from Hungary at the Peace would be endangered. So when the news of his journey came they mobilised their armies for a renewal of the struggle.

But in one of them at least it was found that only half the men were with the colours whom the conscription law required to be there, and of the reservists (the men who had been with the army but had returned to civil life) one in every three had disobeyed the call to arms.

They refused to fight.

The Government of that country will be very slow another time to take up a quarrel its people do not care about.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE REPUBLIC

The First President Talks to the Next Generation

President Masaryk has been speaking to a great multitude of school children in Prague about the tenth birthday of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. We take these words from among the good things the first President said to the children.

I wish you health and God's blessing. You must take care to be and to keep healthy. It is not hard. Be clean, do not fear water, bathe, swim, move freely in the fresh air, and let the Sun shine upon you. Keep rooms and houses airy

Do not stuff yourselves with food, and drink no alcohol.

Love in Our Work

Play gladly, but, when you are being taught, work and learn with a will. We all have to work, each in his place and according to his powers. A good President is no better than a good workman.

You have heard of the disaster when a great building fell down. Whoever was to blame, it was due to dishonest work. If we love our neighbours, as we are rightly told to do, we must love them with our work, not with empty words. A life without sacrifice is not a fine life.

In all you do, stick to the rule to do as you would be done by

Love your country, your people, and your tongue. With all your fellow-citizens you must live in friendship. We are all equal, and must all be equally free. We have no right to oppress anyone in anything.

Truth Conquers

And you, children of Prague, take care, when you enter her public life, that Prague shall be truly the mother of us all, the city of cities.

Here among you stands, perhaps, the future President of the Republic. In thirty or forty years you, future President, will speak on this spot to the children and to youth. Tell them then: Years ago we promised the first President, on this spot, that we would in everything be guided by the motto inherited from our forefathers, flying over the Castle: "Truth Conquers." Hear how that flag lives! How it rustles and speaks! Guard it, and give it unsullied to those who come after you!

THE CROSS ON THE SOMME

In that contemporary of the C.N. which during three generations has published a weekly cartoon of some subject uppermost in the mind of the British people (that is to say, our good friend Punch) the picture for Armistice Week was one of Britannia standing, after ten years, looking sadly back at the forest of white crosses over the war graves.

There is sorrow in the picture, sorrow in the thought, but sometimes among these relics of what the war cost shines a gleam of hope and humanity.

Such a gleam shone through a recollection that was told by Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, Commanding the 1st Grenadiers, at the regimental dinner the other day. After the Battle of the Somme the regiment put up a wooden cross on the ground it had won in memory of the men who had fallen in winning it.

The Germans afterwards in the war re-took the ground. They found the cross there. They were fighting, and their lives were at stake. Their country was at stake. But, like brave men, they respected the cross. *They painted it and kept it in good repair.*

The cross is still there, a sign that even in the hate and fury of war pity and compassion do not fade from the hearts of men. It is a symbol of hope, of faith, of the charity between peoples which should never be forgotten.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF GEOLOGY?

Perhaps It Will Save These Houses

A VILLAGE SLIPPING AWAY

In the Bernese Oberland the little village of Bettebried has been disappearing bit by bit for 300 years. The wonder is that it has lasted so long.

The village houses are built on a thin layer of the deposit which came down with forgotten glaciers or possibly from prehistoric landslips and covered up some slippery gypsum.

The village has its brook, and the brook's waters dissolve the gypsum. When this has gone on long enough the houses collapse.

The Threatened Post Office

Seventy-four years ago the village bakery went, lost in a crater 30 feet deep and 50 feet wide. Now the post office is threatened.

Something of the same kind has happened sometimes at Droitwich, where the salt deposits are the cause of it. In Switzerland, where they have geologists clever enough now to foretell the fall of a mountain, the same application of knowledge would have saved little Bettebried.

The authorities have now resolved to drain the place and imprison the brook in a canal so that it cannot work its will on the gypsum. But a geologist in time would have saved the undermine.

THE TIN NUISANCE

Is It to Disappear?

Here is an item of news which may have a great meaning for most us in many little ways.

A remarkable new method of making very light boxes for use in place of tins has recently been brought to success at a factory in England, and in many cases tins used for packing biscuits and various foodstuffs, as well as bottles, have been already replaced.

Paper pulp such as is used for making newspaper is beaten up with size in huge beaters, and is then passed into big hydraulic presses. The liquid pulp is forced under great pressure into a mould, when all the water is squeezed out, and a thin but very strong compressed box, bottle, or case drops out of the machine. This is then made waterproof.

The pulp mixture can be compressed into almost any shape, and an immense new industry is being created.

We shall not be sorry to see the tins go. They are a nuisance, an ever-present source of litter; and the waste involved in the everlasting making of millions of tins which nobody knows how to get rid of is appalling. It will be easier to dispose of the new kind of boxes, and the progress of the new process will be watched with much interest.

GRAVITY IN SUSPENSE

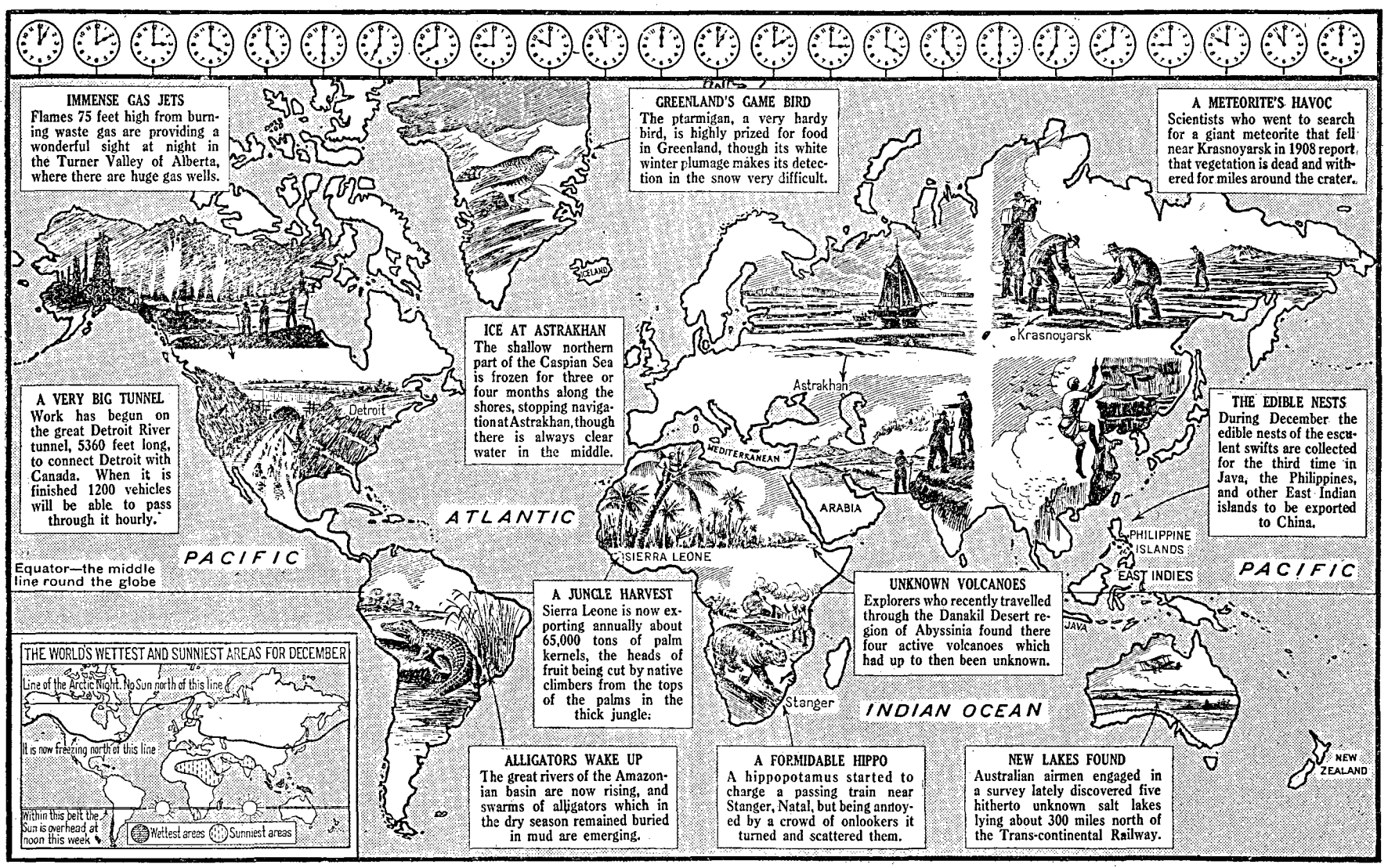
A chemist at Gillingham in Yorkshire, who has been experimenting with magnetic metals, a physicist at Atlanta, Georgia, and another one at Bologna in Italy, all claim that they have discovered a way of making a piece of metal stand up in the air without any visible means of support.

They declare that the metal thus appears to defy the force of gravity. It may be so, and we await the descriptions of their methods, which will enable others to repeat their experiments, with interest. Till then we shall suspend judgment, letting the matter remain in the air, like the metals the scientists have treated.

If, however, some way other than magnetism will suspend the action of gravity great results will follow. There will be no more aeroplane accidents, and the way will be cleared for a voyage to the Moon.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE STREET OF CHRISTMAS TREES

A Sight of California

A C.N. travelling correspondent sends us this little glimpse of a famous avenue which is one of the natural sights of California.

During the last week of the year thousands of people gather from all parts of California to see the impressive sight provided by the illumination of an avenue of deodars a mile long known as The Street of Christmas Trees.

Beautiful at any time, the deodars are seen at their best between Christmas Eve and New Year's night, when they glow with the light of thousands of red, green, and white electric bulbs.

To light the trees effectively six thousand lights are needed, each one carrying 75 lights.

These trees are majestic Himalayan cedars, natives of East India, and are called deodars, or Trees of God. For almost a mile they rear their proud heads on both sides of Santa Rosa Avenue in Altadena, a beautiful suburb adjoining Pasadena, and overlooking the city and valley below. Behind them stand the lofty Sierra Madre mountains, often snow-capped in winter, while their next-door neighbours are palm trees and gardens of perennially blooming flowers.

Although these trees were only planted fifty years ago they stand about eighty feet high, their branches spreading from thirty to forty feet, and sweeping the ground. The tips are densely set with long, bluish-green needles.

The illumination begins every year on Christmas Eve and continues through New Year's night. The lights are turned on at seven o'clock, following a short programme of band music, speeches, and the singing of Christmas carols.

The custom of lighting the trees at Christmas-time began in 1920, when so many people came to see the display that it was made an annual event.

ALL ABOUT ME

John Pride—By John Drinkwater

ALL ABOUT ME. By John Drinkwater. Illustrated by H. M. Brock (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Drinkwater has broken out in a fresh place. We all knew he was clever; but who imagined that he could write a book of poems for quite young children? Yet he has done it, and done it well. There are more than fifty poems in this volume, and not more than five that any child would fail to understand.

As for the illustrations by Mr. Brock, each fits its scene perfectly. What with poems and pictures it is a book for children to read, laugh at, think about, and love. Here is one of the things we love in this book:

No one liked John Pride
Until he died,
When everybody said
" Poor John's dead."
But he heard
Never a word.

And when he'd gone
They found that John
Had often done
Good for fun;
Which only shows
That nobody knows.

Who does not like a thing like that? It is as good as a nursery rhyme and may, perhaps, live as long, and it is only one of more than a hundred good things (poems and pictures) in All About Me.

POETS AT HOME AGAIN

It has been left for a poet to realise a dream many poetry lovers must have had. It is that of a Library of Poetry.

The poet was Émile Blemont, who wrote in French a poem on The Enchanted Garden. He has left his fortune to found an enchanted house where all the poets can live again in their works, and all who love them can go and commune with them.

In this atmosphere every poet will have his audience, and every lover of poetry may find his favourite bookshelf.

A STAND ON THE UNDERGROUND

How the Old Lady Got Home

By a Paris Correspondent

Amid the hustle and bustle of every big city it is pleasant to notice from time to time that there are among us certain wayfarers who still retain the elements of kindliness and good nature.

A rather stout workman's wife travelling on the Paris underground railway a little while ago must have been greatly blessed with these pleasant characteristics. She had been to market and was returning home with a basketful of provisions in a crowded second-class carriage with only standing room. At the next stop a seat near her became vacant, and she was about to occupy it to rest her weary limbs when she spied a small errand boy with a basket almost as big as himself. " Here, you take that seat," said the motherly-looking woman, and he sat down (we are sorry to say) with a smile.

Shortly afterwards, a passenger who was getting out at the next station rose to leave, and the good old lady smiled and thought how nice it would be to sit down when she noticed that the person standing alongside her was a pale, tired-looking girl. " Here, you take that seat," she said; and as for herself, she stood to the end of her journey.

WILD LIFE GOING

Mr. Cherry Kearton, the famous naturalist and photographer, who is now taking films in Africa, declares that wild life there is vanishing fast.

" I predict that within twenty years there will be no big game left in Africa," he says. " Everywhere elephants, lions, and rhinos are forsaking the open plains and moving into the forests, which are unnatural surroundings for them. The effect of the extermination is being shown even in the silence of the lions, for they are learning that silence is the best protection."

FLUTES OF THE ICE AGE

Music 250 Centuries Ago

THE CAVE MAN AT HOME

There were cold days and long winter evenings in the Olsheva mountains of Yugo-Slavia 25,000 years ago, but the cave-dweller of that remote period had his joyful hours, his moments of relaxation. Returning home after the chase of the cave bear he played the flute to his family and a few choice friends.

That is the scene which Professor Brodar, who has been exploring the Potocka Cave, brings before us. Beneath the deposits of centuries he found the bones of the bear worked into awls and needles and other implements with which the cave man stitched the skins that protected him from the blasts of the retreating Ice Age.

Far more remarkable than these were bones rounded and carved and drilled with little circular holes—flutes without a doubt. From the Potocka Cave the music of the ages sighs plaintively to us across 250 centuries.

Picture the scene. The stalwart hunter, home from the hill, has eaten his bear steak. His children are gnawing the bones in a distant corner of the cave. The smoky fire gleams fitfully on the ceiling, and on the cave man's wife stitching a new bearskin for her lord. The cave man, at the repeated requests of his friends (who, being well fed, are perhaps unduly flattering), consents to play a piece.

He draws from a crevice one of his precious flutes. He puts his bearded lips to the bone and the thin shrill notes of the first musical instrument echo through the gloom. It is a peaceful scene. Everyone is satisfied. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. The only complaint might come from the bear, which might think it had contributed too much to the entertainment.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
DECEMBER 15 ❁ ❁ 1928

Who Will Save a Million Men?

THE greatest scandal of all time is surely the fact that a million men have been idle for ten years in a country with so much work to do.

The energies of a million men have been lost to the country in the most desperate period of its peaceful history. Can any sane person deny that it is at once an outrage and a tragedy?

Today we have the astonishing facts of the glowing prosperity of France. She is making herself one of the foremost trading countries of the world while Britain is losing her trade. She has witnessed, we read in one of her reports, "a fresh burst of prosperity, and the total number of unemployed is only a few hundreds." She has made herself the greatest iron-ore country in Europe. She is transforming her collieries, increasing her coal by a sixth, doubling her coke, and trebling her electrical capacity. She produces more steel than Britain, though in the year before the war she made one-third of ours. French exports go up while ours go down.

Ten years after the war Britain, whose shores remained inviolate, has nearly 1,300,000 unemployed, while France, whose territories were devastated, has had to import the same number of workers to cope with her trade!

What is the reason of this remarkable state of things? We can only continue to look at the facts.

While the war was on Britain made reconstruction plans which would have given abundant employment, but few of them were carried out. France made plans and has carried them triumphantly through.

Roads, waterways, railways, ports, and power supply are all being overhauled, giving new life to French industries. In ten years every village will have electricity to "drive the beaters, turn the churns, and work the root cutters," transforming rural labour, it is said, from a drudgery to a pleasure. Small wonder that France has no idle men.

We, too, have done something to reconstruct our world after the war, but how many of our great plans have gone forward? Much talk and little work it has been. In war-time we should give every one of our million idle men some work to do; in peace we dole out relief.

Who will turn these idle hands to useful work for our Motherland or for our daughter-lands over the sea? For him awaits the greatest opportunity ever known in these islands, and behind him stand the People, all of us, with a crown of immortality that shall not pass away.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Arkansas v. Evolution

ARKANSAS does not like Evolution, and the dictionary defining it is to be banned from the schools.

We think Evolution will continue.

❁

The Way to Immortality

WE wonder if either Peace or War has produced a hero more renowned than he of whom we were reading the other day in a book by Mr. H. W. Nevinson. He is Alfred Smith, and this is his story; it happened in the Dardanelles.

Shortly before it left, a deed of singular heroism added honour to the 42nd Division (East Lancashire). On December 22, in front of Krithia, Lieutenant Alfred Victor Smith, only son of the Chief Constable of Burnley, was throwing a grenade when it slipped from his hand and fell to the bottom of the trench, close to officers and men.

He shouted a warning and jumped clear into safety. But, seeing that the others were unable to get into cover, and knowing the grenade was due to explode, *he returned without hesitation and flung himself down on it.* He was instantly killed by the explosion.

So he lived, for what we call dying has never won a nobler immortality.

❁

This and That

AT a big provincial stores a Christmas collection of lead soldiers and toy guns is labelled Destruction. Next to it is a collection of farmyard and mechanical toys labelled Construction. Other stores please copy.

❁

The Hand on Thomas Hardy's Shoulder

SIR JAMES BARRIE has been speaking of his old friend Thomas Hardy, whose ashes he took in a casket to the Abbey not very long ago.

One very curious fact concerning Hardy, Sir James mentioned, leading up to a beautiful picture of what we must imagine taking place in the Fields of Paradise.

From his earliest years (said Sir James Barrie) Thomas Hardy disliked being touched by anyone. I believe I can say that outside a relative no man alive, much as Hardy drew affection, ever put a hand on his shoulder. It could not have been even on the day when he sat so unhappy on the gate.

In his youth he used to carry in his pockets two dumpy volumes of verse by one whose sympathetic shade perhaps pressed so close to him that day that there were two on the gate. There are a thousand pencil marks on those two volumes that look now like love messages from the young poet of one age to the young poet of a past age.

I think Hardy's first words in the Elysian Fields were, "Which is Shelley?" and that *then the hand fell upon his shoulder.*

❁

Who with a little cannot be content
Endures an everlasting punishment.
Robert Herrick

Time Works Wonders

It does.

The commander of the German Fleet who was trying to sink the British Fleet at Jutland 12 years ago has died, and we read that one of the pleasures he was looking forward to was to come to England next year *as the guest of Admiral Jellicoe!*

A British officer who won the D.S.O. for sinking a German submarine has risked his life to save a German crew off the Channel Islands.

It will be a friendly world one day; wait a little longer.

❁

Tip-Cat

JIX has been presented with a motor-cycle. His friends fear that when the election comes he can't hope to have a walk over.

⊡

THE sea, according to Mr. Kipling, gives the cutting-edge to our imagination. Serves it as a sort of whet-stone.

⊡

IF you sing, says a doctor, you can't be unhappy. But others can.

⊡

WE read that there are 18 bores on a new mountain railway in Spain. In the smoking compartments, no doubt.

⊡

A MAGISTRATE asks what the world is coming to. The answer is, Christmas.

⊡

SOME women eat next to nothing. Only when nothing is next to them.

⊡

THERE is no finer type of man than the Londoner. Anyway, people tell him that when they want him to do things for them.

⊡

TALK is said to be cheap, but we doubt it when our telephone bill comes in.

⊡

A CHEMIST declares that the world will be able to support eight thousand million people. He will never know whether he is right.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a judge's life is a trying time

❁

A Birthday

"Sweet Son," sang Mary on Christmas Day,
Rocking her baby to and fro,
"Upon thy birthday the world gives thee
A gift of a stable and chilly snow.
"Dear Child," she sang with weeping eyes,
"Why wast thou born to maid so poor?
Here thou canst rest with me in peace,
But ah! what has the world in store?
"My Baby Christ, my new-born Son,
Oh, how my aching heart now yearns
To know thy fate. Would I could say:
Sweet Baby, many happy returns."

❁

A Prayer for a Grateful Heart

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart:
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise. George Herbert

A Tale of an Innocent Traveller

THERE was a quiet and wise scholar who spent the last 25 years of his life in a library Westminster way, and those who knew him only in those years did not always know that he had been one of the greatest travellers and explorers of his day. He was Canon Charles Robinson, no stranger to the C.N.

He had many stories to tell the people he had met in Asia and Africa, and some of these are retold in his Life, which is just published.

Sometimes he found rogues, who thought him a very easy man to deceive. There was a day when a man in Hausaland had to bring Canon Robinson some cowries, for which, as bearer, he was entitled to 10,000 for himself. The traveller saw at once that one of the bags was under weight; he could see that about 2000 cowries had been taken from it. There were 20,000 in each bag; and Canon Robinson told the man to count his 10,000 out of the bag which was short. The man wondered much that the Englishman should be so simple, and quickly counted a liberal 10,000. When he had finished Canon Robinson asked if he was quite sure there had been 20,000 in the bag. The man said that certainly there were. Then if 10,000 have been counted by you there will be 10,000 left? The man agreed at once, and the canon then said the man might take as his own the 10,000 which were left, and leave those he had counted.

The man had a higher opinion ever after of the white man's intelligence.

❁

What Napoleon Said

EUROPE will soon have become a nation, and any who travelled in it would always have been in a common Fatherland. Sooner or later this union will be brought about by the force of events. The first impetus has been given, and after the fall and disappearance of my system it seems to me that the only way in which the equilibrium can be achieved in Europe is through a League of Nations.

Napoleon at St. Helena

❁

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

GREENWICH Rotarians are raising £500 for a camping-ground for Greenwich Scouts.

NEARLY ten million Bibles have been issued this year by the Bible Societies.

THE Goldsmiths Company has sent £25 to the poor box at Thames Police Court.

A WIDOW has sent the Huddersfield Guardians £50 to repay relief she received ten years ago.

EVERY week a gold sovereign in a split piece of cardboard arrives at the London Temperance Hospital from somebody unknown.

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THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ITS BIG FAMILY

One of the Noblest Institutions That England Has

To most of us Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children belongs to a world now gone. But who does not remember its moving words?

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers?
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

The pitiful cry was heard throughout the land. The little boys were taken from the mines, the little girls have long since left the mills. For most of our children it is a happy world.

But there is still a little world that would almost break Mrs. Browning's heart, the world of thousands of little people who have somehow missed the happy way of life, who have no father to see them through, no mother to befriend them, no single soul to whom they can turn when trouble comes to them.

One friend there is that comes at times into the world of these sad little folk: the Children's Home throws out its hand to them. It never yet has failed them; it will give a home and a great chance of life to any little boy or girl who has no friend.

What does that mean for them? What does it mean for us? For them it means the glorious opportunity of happiness. For us it means that somebody else is bearing our share of the burden of looking after these neglected little ones. The least we can do is to help a little, to lend a hand or send a mite.

Here is the story of this great Home that does so much for all of us.

THE HOME THAT MAKES BOYS MEN

A POLICEMAN coming to our house! In some homes that spells terror. The poor woman who opens the door is too frightened to speak.

"You have a little boy of six here, called Jim So-and-So?"

She nods.

"I want to see him."

"What for?" The woman tries to be truculent.

"To ask a few questions."

She looks at the constable standing there, and knows she might as well run her head against a brick wall as deny him; so Jim is brought out, his face rubbed with an apron, and his clothes pulled straight.

He makes a poor show, being small, white, and nervous.

First it is ascertained that he knows what it means to tell the truth. Then he is asked about those strange scars on his legs.

Told in the Newspapers

He says it happened on Wednesday after tea. Daddy wrote something on a piece of paper and told Jim to write it. He couldn't, so Daddy took a big stick and hit Jim on his legs.

So much for Jim's evidence. Then there is the schoolmistress, who has complained that Jim is always coming to school with weals and bruises. Neighbours have not liked the sounds coming from that house, where the man is not really Jim's father and has taken a violent dislike to him. Worst of all, Jim's mother sides with the man.

We read these things in the newspapers, and wonder what will happen to the child.

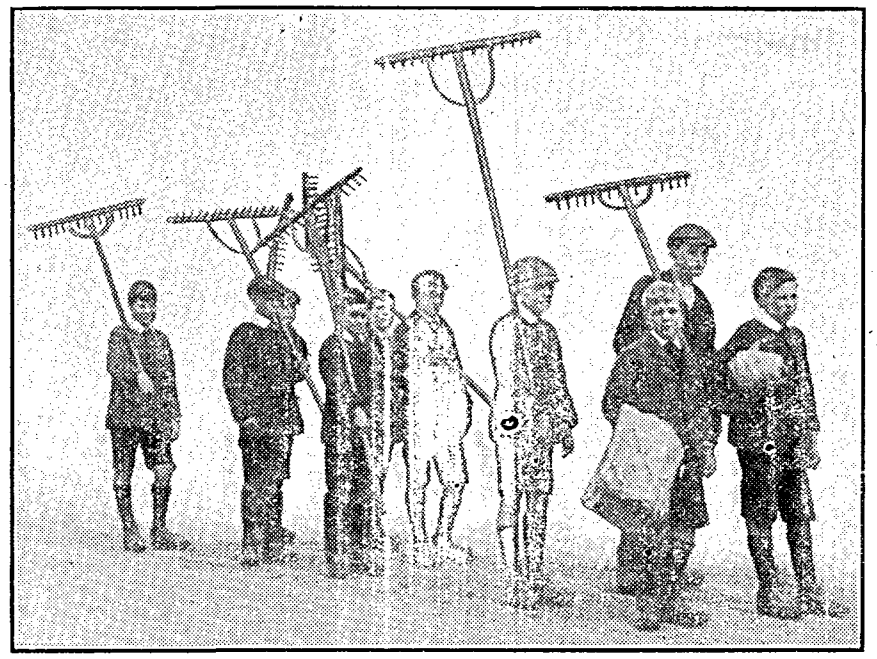
Luckily, a parent convicted for gross cruelty loses legal guardianship of the child, and a magistrate can save Jim from going back to his life of misery. But what is to become of him?

What is to become of that other boy whose father made a habit of beating him with a stair rod? What about the baby girl whose drunken mother has thrown her downstairs and crippled her for life? What of the boy kept in a cellar for two years, and almost blinded? Of the girl whose head is cut about with her father's belt buckle? Of the boy found chained up under the table gnawing bones like a dog? Of the five-year-old so brutalised that he cannot be induced to speak to any grown-up and cowers in terror when even the kindest person steps toward him?

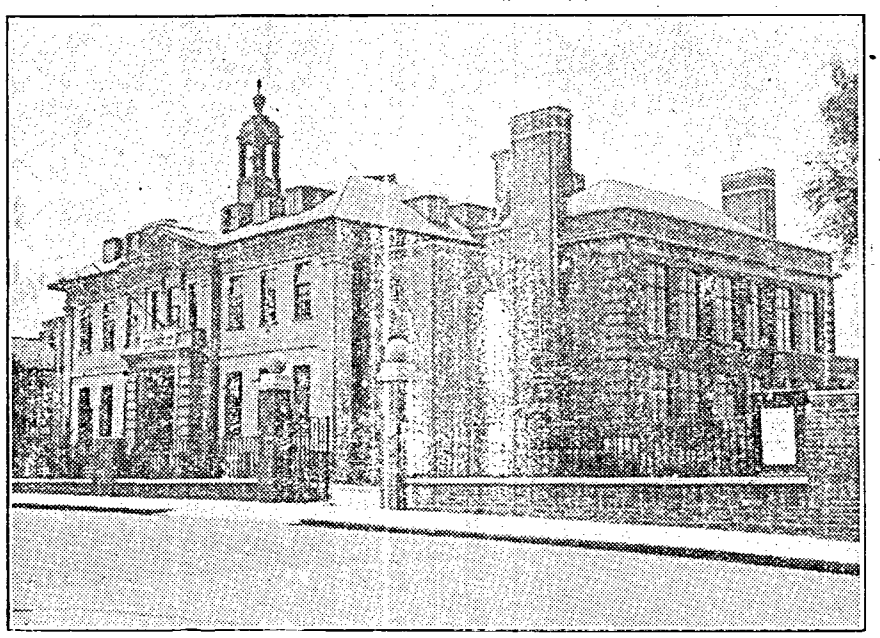
An Ever-Open Door

There is the workhouse, but the Ministry of Health thinks children should not be brought up with adult paupers. The splendid society which works to prevent cruelty to children has no orphanage of its own. Nor will any childless millionaire want to adopt children who have become ugly, backward, and verminous through neglect. But they need love as much as they need food and soap, so the police court missionary or the N.S.P.C.C. writes to the National Children's Home.

Cases like Jim's are accepted there at once and without question. If there should be no vacancy at the moment some kind woman is paid to look after the case till room is found in the Home itself. Less urgent cases wait for a Case Committee which meets once a month. Let us attend one.



Hurrah! for the Life of a Farmer



G.H.Q. of the National Children's Home

Men and women sit round tables like a horseshoe in a large, light room. Presiding is a man who we think might have written Don Quixote, dark and bearded, with eyes that look on humanity with the shrewd, gentle irony of the great Spaniard. This is the Principal, the Rev. William Hodson Smith.

One by one the cases are called. A neat, poorly-clad woman on the verge of tears enters with a shy little girl. The Principal asks the woman to sit down, but does not talk to her yet for she would certainly weep. Instead he asks the child some questions which set her chuckling and make the woman smile wanly.

"Well now, Rose," says the Principal, "if you go to my wife over there I believe you will get a sweet, because she's very fond of nice little girls."

A gracious lady puts three sweets into the little palm, and the child goes off to the waiting-room quite certain that this is a nice place.

Now the woman tells her tale. She adopted Rose, an unwanted child deserted by her parents. Going to work herself, earning 27s. weekly, she has paid a neighbour 11s. to look after the little one, but it is getting harder and harder to find the money. She offers 5s. a week if the Home will take Rose. "It will break my heart to give her up!" she falters.

"But you are not giving her up!" says the Principal. "You must come and see her, and when she is grown up I am sure she will want to help you as you have helped her."

The Committee accepts Rose, reduces the proffered 5s. and says: "We think you're a very brave woman, Miss X."

She goes out comforted, and in comes a poor degraded, grimy creature with a dirty old coat pinned up to hide the rags beneath and a rusty hat pulled over a swollen red face. She scrubs in a public-house, but she has not scrubbed herself for years. Her tale of misery is told in a whisper between gasps and tears. The Committee decide at once to rescue her undersized and backward child.

Now comes a soldier. His young wife is dead, and he knows no one he can trust to look after his children well. He is eager to pay the Home for its care, and the children are accepted.

There is a woman whose husband has been sentenced to ten years of imprisonment. Her income from parish relief is 15s. and her rent 5s. 11d. She wants to enter domestic service, and at once the Committee agree to take her six-year-old boy.

Sometimes the Board of Guardians makes application, and offers a small grant. Sometimes a magistrate asks that a high-spirited boy be saved from bad companions and the risk of prison. Occasionally a minister or health visitor tells of a dear old grannie or kind aunt taking excellent care of an orphan child, but the grannie or aunt is desparately poor, and then the Committee may help her by a weekly allowance.

A Children's Encyclopedia

At last all the cases are heard, and not one has been refused. Ask the genial clergyman on the Principal's right, who seems to be a human sort of children's encyclopedia, and whom they call Mr. Litten, if this has been a typical afternoon's work? No, he says, it has been without the more sordid stories so often heard, and a mere 44 cases have come up. There have been as many as 112 to deal with at one meeting. But the 44 mean a big responsibility. On an average a child is in the Home for 9 years, costing about £40 a year, and in accepting the 44 the Committee have incurred a liability of £15,840.

The business-like meeting ends as it began with a prayer. Then we are out in the busy streets again feeling as if we have just come from something more interesting than any theatre can show.

This great work was started at a tea-party 60 years ago, when three young men met to discuss the Wharf Rats.

In those days before compulsory education hordes of children lived in London like stray dogs, and as they often slept under crates or in empty barrels on Thamesside wharfs they were called Wharf Rats.

There came a day when a workman turned up a tub crying:

"Here's a rat!" A boy fell out, dead.

How the Great Work Began

One of the young men, Dr. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, wanted Francis Horner and Alfred Mager to help him to rescue a few of these hungry and homeless boys. Although they had practically no money he managed to persuade them that it could be done.

They took a tiny house in Church Street, near Waterloo Station, spent £15

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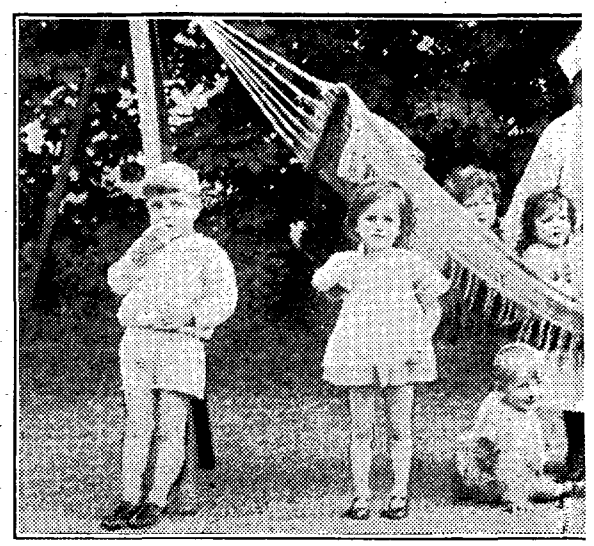
He Who Gives a Child a Home:



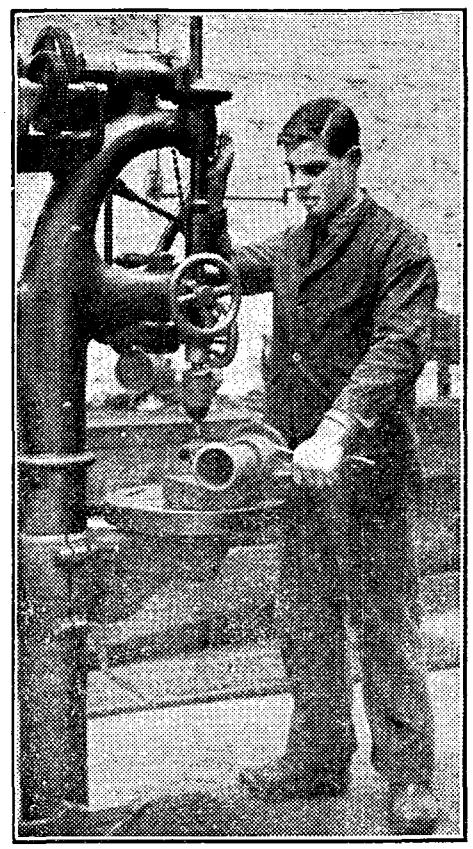
A Smile for the Visitor



The Playhour—Oranges and Lemons



Some of o



A Young Engineer



At Work in the Printing Office



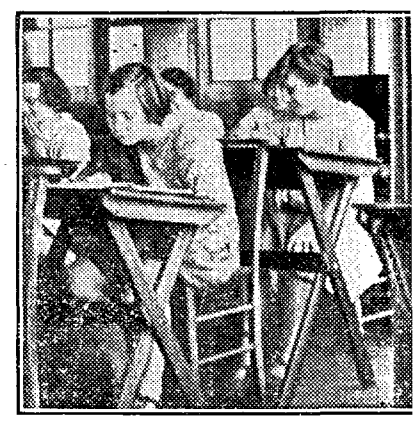
In Training for



The Serious Part of Life in Camp



Laundry Day



Open-Air School

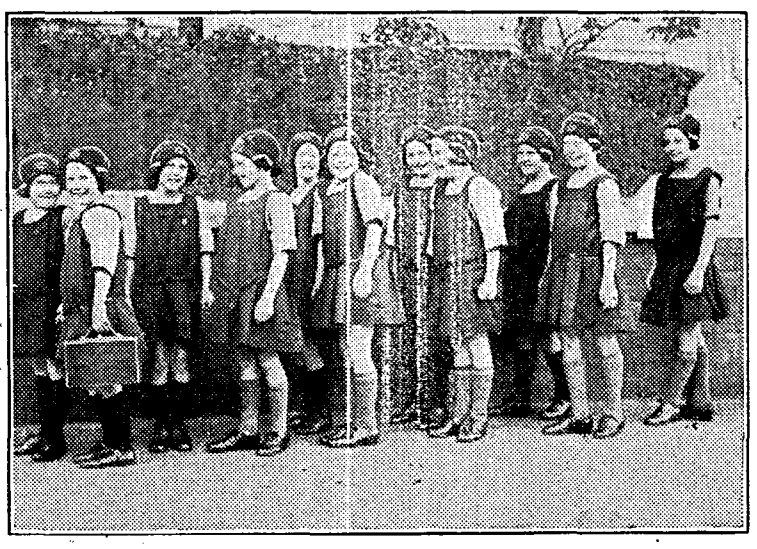
In nothing is this country's progress more marked than in its treatment of children. No longer would a poet write, as Robert Southey did in his Retrospect, that the days of childhood are but days of woe. Home is a far happier place for children than it used to be; and the

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BUILDS PALACES IN KINGDOM COME



Tiny Tots



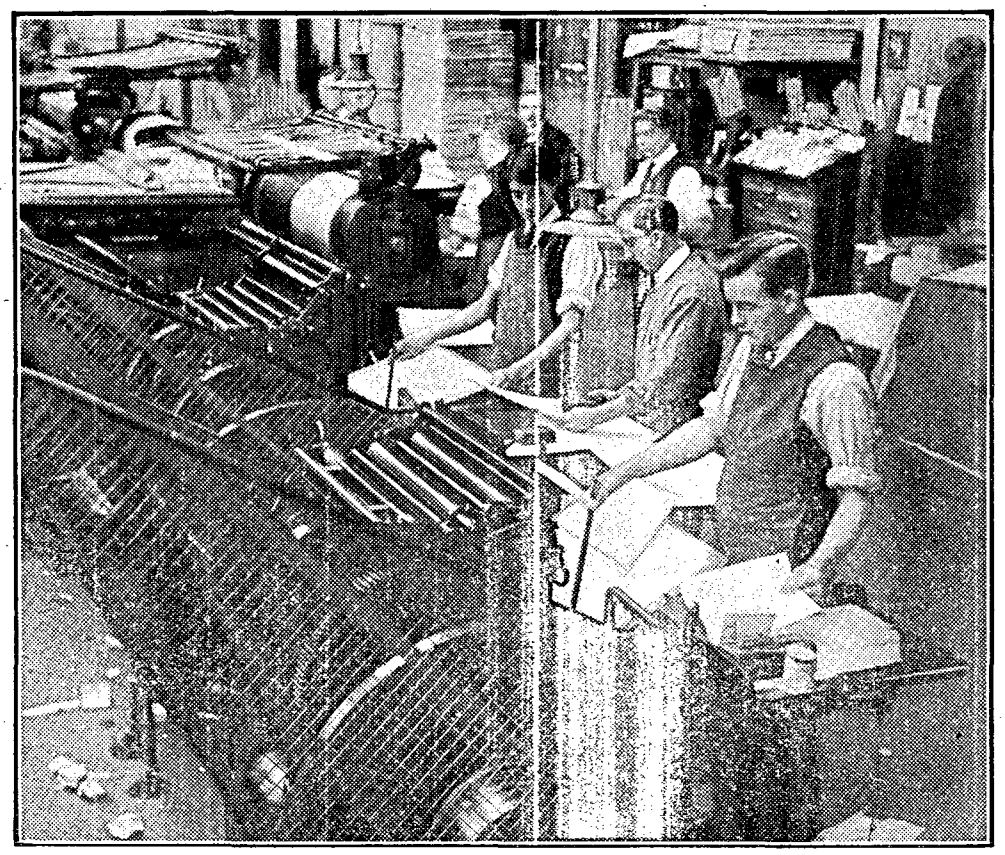
Lining-up for Lesson-time



Flowers of the Field



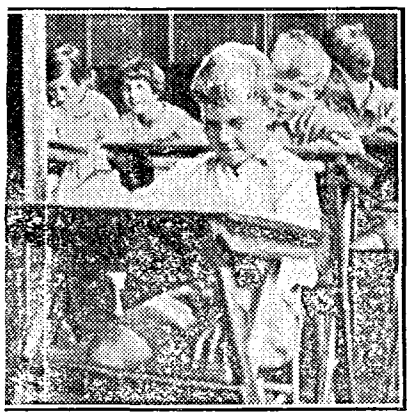
a Seafaring Life



A Corner of the Machine Room at Harpenden



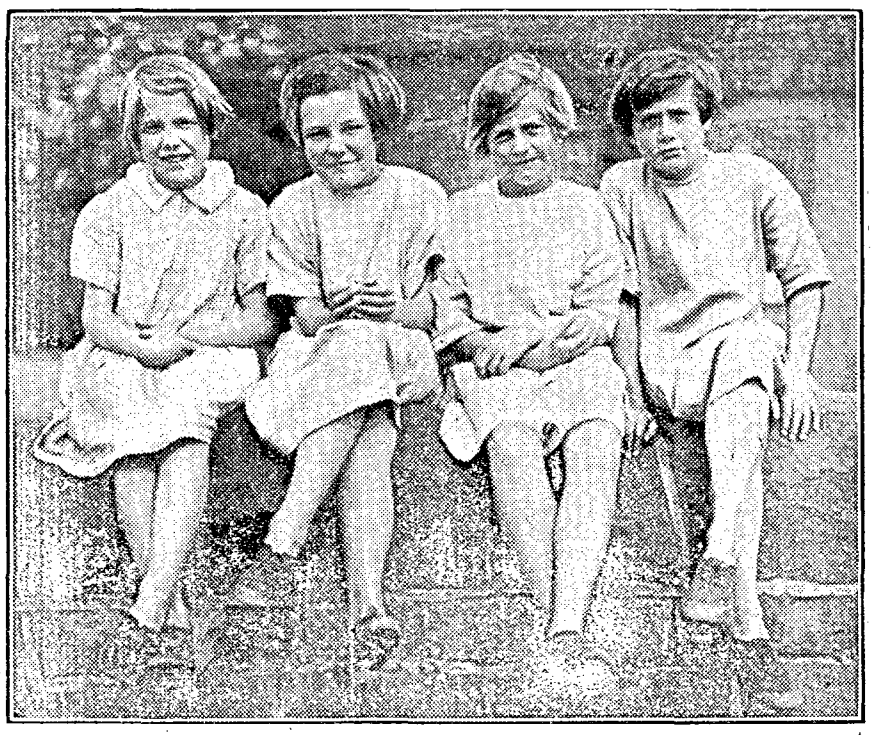
Boot-Repairing



at the Sanatorium



In a Sanatorium Ward



A Study in Facial Expression

schools are far more interesting and attractive. Beyond this is the care given in such institutions as the National Children's Home, which trains little ones who have come to depend on charity and love for their upbringing to be good citizens and the delight of their country.

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on furniture, painted *Children's Home* over the door, and opened with two Wharf Rats. Since then 20,000 children have entered the Children's Home.

Of course the Rats were wild boys. One of them named Jack had been driven from home by the brutality of his mother, a notorious woman, and he made a living by enticing smaller children up dark alleys and stealing their boots. Soon after he entered the Home there was a scream, "Jack has killed James!" Sure enough the other boy was lying unconscious from a blow with a great piece of wood. Mercifully he recovered.

But Dr. Stephenson tamed Jack, and this guttersnipe who seemed headed for the gallows became a prosperous Colonial farmer who liked to give temperance lectures. No one could have tamed these young savages by punishment, for they were too much used to ill-treatment to care; but being loved was something so novel that it completely nonplussed them. It amazed them that Dr. Stephenson stayed up all night long to prepare a splendid Christmas for them, with decorations and presents and a feast. They had never known anything like it.

Dr. Stephenson said the boys must have a trade, so he taught them to chop firewood and sell it in the streets. When someone offered a donkey to replace the hand barrow the three friends debated anxiously whether they could afford stable rent, which was 15 pence a week.

The First Legacy

Girls as well as boys begged to be taken in and fed, and then the Home had its first Sister, who slept in a leaky attic with an umbrella over her bed.

Money to feed the children came in tiny driblets. A working man gave a halfpenny for every loaf set on his table; a poor woman gave up sugar in her tea and brought a few coppers every week, a dying child left the Home her money-box, holding 3s. 4½d., the first legacy. Those were times of such poverty that a special committee meeting had to be called before so much as a ton of coal could be bought.

One of those cautious people who believe in doing nothing declared that Stephenson, Horner, and Mager were three injudicious young men who would learn by bitter experience; but all of them lived to see the small Home in a mean street become a great Home with many branches set in beautiful scenery, and one of the three, Mr. Horner, is alive today at 81.

Young Helpers of the Young

There are now 4000 children in the Children's Home's 30 branches, and they cost more than £190,000 a year, one-fifth of the income being State grants and payments by relatives, and four-fifths gifts from charitable friends.

There are two chief helpers in the huge task of raising the four-fifths; one is the Order of Saint Christopher, a band of child lovers captained by Sir Charles Wakefield, and the other is the Young Leaguers Union of children from happy homes who want to help less fortunate children. Sir Charles is famous as one of the ablest Lord Mayors London ever had, as well as one of the staunchest and most generous, so it is obvious that the Home is exceedingly lucky in having such an ally.

On the other hand, many people would not expect the Y.L.U. to be a valuable helper. Yet these youngsters, who began by raising less than £700 in a year, now raise nearly £32,000. They have all sorts of ways of earning money for the Home, from giving concerts and collecting silver paper to catching caterpillars. It is splendid work done by the young for the young.

The Beautiful Hospital at Highbury

The Y.L.U. has just built and equipped what is claimed to be the world's most beautiful hospital at Highbury. Imagine sunshine coloured walls, gay green doors, and a big coloured picture over each bed. Instead of a brass plate how much nicer is one of Lucy Kemp Welch's horse pictures, with a tiny label on the frame to say "This bed was endowed by So and so!" There are tiled bathrooms with rows of coloured tooth brushes and sponge bags; there is a model kitchen, a room for artificial sun treatment, an operating theatre, a big play balcony, and day rooms full of happy babies who run to be picked up and kissed. In the hall there is a beautiful illuminated address honouring the Young Leaguers who gave the hospital, and this is the work of a boy without hands!

He longed to be a designer, and practised till he could guide the brush with his stumps. The Home gave him an art training, and now he is an accomplished craftsman.

He came from the Chipping Norton Branch, where miracles are wrought in straightening crippled limbs. Equally wonderful cures are effected at the Sanatorium, one of the Harpenden Branches, where tuberculous children have lessons out of doors, play in a lovely garden, and sleep in big, airy wards or revolving shelters.

There are convalescent seaside homes as well, and holiday camps are arranged for sick children living outside the Home's own family.

But what is a branch for normal children like? Let us run down to Harpenden and see.

Round a big village green cluster many little houses, a school, a small hospital, a church, workshops, and fine sports grounds. In the distance is the farm where much of the Home's food is grown, and where boys who wish to emigrate learn farming.

Each of the little houses holds a small group of children with a Sister Madge or Sister Lilian in charge. She will love to show you the spotless house, with its clever labour-saving appointments, especially if the children are at school and the toys tidily in their lockers.

Ask her if the children are homesick at first. She will say "Sometimes. But many are thankful to escape. They get plenty to eat here, you see, and then they like being kept clean, once they get over the strangeness of it."

Some are afraid to get into a bath. Some have never slept in a bed before.

"Hi, missis! What do I do with this woolly thing?" asked one girl, on first seeing a blanket.

How the Sisters love their families! They have motherly tales to tell of the baby's quaint sayings. They treasure photographs and letters from those who have grown up. "This is one of my boys," they say. "He's just got his Master's certificate"; or "This is one of my girls. She is a fully qualified doctor now."

The children do not wear uniform, except when they are Scouts or Guides. They have birthday parties and all the individual care and love a mother could give to them.

There are no people in the world happier than these smiling Sisters. In the bedroom of each there seems to be a religious picture or a well-worn Bible, and perhaps therein lies the clue to the children's well-being. Dr. Stephenson grew up to be a famous Wesleyan minister, but bishops as well as Nonconformists are working for the Home today, and children of all creeds are gathered under its hospitable roof.

Of course, most of the 300 children at Harpenden are busy with lessons, but after schooldays they are taught a trade or profession, and thus many who in their own homes would have drifted into blind-alley jobs as errand-boys or caddies are turned into highly skilled people who have no difficulty in finding well-paid posts.

So good is the character and so up-to-date are the methods of a C.H. boy that employers are constantly asking for "another boy like the last."

Specially gifted children may go on to the University, and become doctors or lecturers or clergymen. They repay half the cost of their higher education by and by. Of the others, girls are trained in domestic science, or become nurses, clerks, teachers, or gardeners. Boys can become shoemakers, meanwhile repairing the Home's little boots; or bakers while providing its daily bread; or tailors while repairing its suits; or carpenters while making its furniture; or printers while producing its reports and leaflets. At Penarth boys are trained as wireless operators and seamen at a home founded in memory of a war hero. There is practically no career closed to the children of the Home.

One of the wisest provisions at Harpenden is the Apprentices Hostel, a house standing far away from the general buildings and managed by an instructor and his wife. By a special arrangement with the trade unions boys can be apprenticed to the Home as carpenters and printers for five years, so that when they leave they are able to earn £3 10s. or more a week. At 18 they are outfitted completely, and given a small weekly allowance to spend on clothes and recreation. They live in the hostel, apart from the children, and have special privileges. By the end of their apprenticeship they can save £20. These young men are great footballers and cricketers, and appreciate the shower baths in their changing room as much as the books in their rest room.

Everything of the Best

No Public Schoolboy has cleaner quarters, a healthier diet, or better medical attention than these young people. Everything here is perfectly simple and there are no knicknacks, but everything is of the best, from the Governor's ambitions for his boys and girls down to the home-made bread they eat.

There is no waste. Gifts which look useless are transformed by clever hands; a lady's riding skirt is made into a boy's overcoat, old toys are mended and put by for Christmas, and the Sisters unravel somebody's discarded jumper to knit it up anew into a baby's frock.

A still more wonderful transformation takes place in the children. Most of those we saw at the Case Committee looked stunted and pinched, and had green teeth and convict crops. Here all the lads and maids seem to have splendid teeth, beautiful hair, and lithe limbs. A handsomer brood could not be found.

No wonder they are grateful and regard the place affectionately as "my old school."

Our News

About a fortnight after they have left there comes a letter saying how they wish they were back; and in the holidays they do come. The old boys and girls have a magazine of their own called Our News. They give generously to the Home; one of the little houses round Harpenden's village green was paid for with gifts from old Harpendeners, and they subscribe £200 a year to its upkeep.

Looking at the cheerful faces it is strange to reflect that there is a sad story behind every one of them. Not all the children come from bad homes, but they all come from sad homes. Here for those hundreds of tragedies there is found a happy ending.

The Home Secretary has called this a great romance of reclamation. He has said that in nine cases out of ten those in reformatories and prisons come from bad homes and so never had a fair start. "I can say to you quite definitely if you had taken into your Home a thousand lads whose names I could give you half of our prisons might have been shut up."

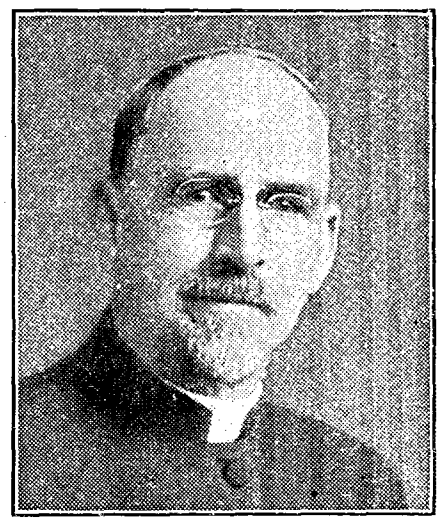
No Better Use for Money

A habitual criminal may spend the greater part of his life in prison at the taxpayer's expense. How much cheaper and juster to keep a little child in the Home for nine years!

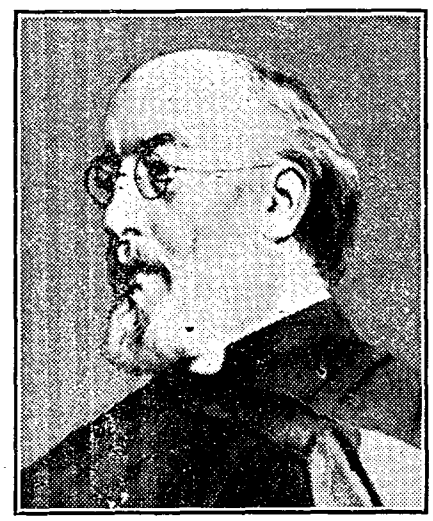
When the papers are full of dreary news think of the Children's Home and have hope for the future. When fortune is generous to you think of the Children's Home and help to build that future. It is hard to think of a better use for money than sending it to The National Children's Home, Highbury Park, London.

The Home deserves support because it does its work so efficiently, and it is so efficient because it is carried on in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. A famous writer has said that all the world's problems would be solved if only people would give Christianity a trial; the Children's Home proves that he is right.

THE MEN BEHIND A GREAT WORK

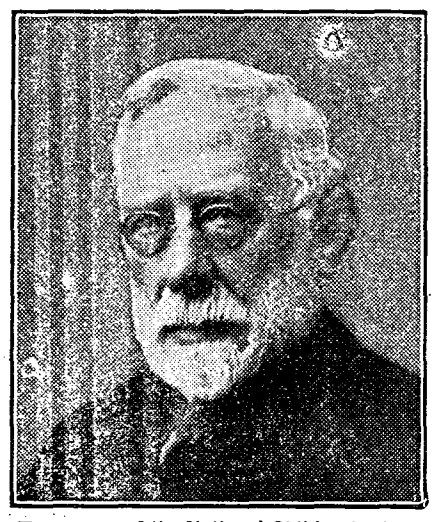


Rev. W. Hodson Smith, Principal of the Home



Dr. T. B. Stephenson, Founder of the Home





Sir Charles Wakefield and Sir Thomas Barlow, Treasurers of the National Children's Home

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PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT

EVERY LITTLE HELPS

The Great Fund Which is Slowly Growing and Growing

FIRST COMPLETE LIST

The year that is passing will be remembered at the Treasury, perhaps, as the beginning of a wonderful act of patriotism unique in this country.

That was a wonderful thing done by an anonymous rich man early in the year when he placed half a million pounds in trust to accumulate toward paying off the National Debt, leaving it open to any others to add to the fund.

Already about 40 other people have sent in their contributions, ranging from £100 to 10s., and it is not to be doubted that the contributions will increase.

Anonymous Gifts

Of course this is not the first time citizens have subscribed money anonymously toward paying off the National Debt. That has been happening ever since we had a National Debt. A notable modern instance is the £150,000 given anonymously by our present Prime Minister when he was a junior member of the Government. Only the other day two similar subscriptions, of £10,000 and £5000, were announced.

All these, however, went straight into the Treasury for the cancelling of debt, as did also the £500,000 sent to the Treasury by Lord Inchcape in memory of his daughter. The Inchcape Fund is to accumulate for 50 years and then to go toward paying off debt.

The new fund of which the great City financiers Messrs. Baring Brothers are the trustees is to accumulate under their charge for an indefinite period, possibly till it has grown large enough at compound interest to pay off the whole of the National Debt! No Chancellor of the Exchequer, however hard up he may be, will be able to touch it till the trustees are willing to hand it over.

Likely to Grow

That is what makes it so interesting, and that is why, when the public realise its possibilities, it is likely to grow.

Here is the list for 1928, given in the order of arrival at the Bank. Every item surely has its story.

Sent by	£	s.	d.
Anonymous	500,000	0	0
Anonymous	100	0	0
Percy B.	5	0	0
Southwold British Legion	2	19	0
Anonymous from Vigo in Spain	2	10	0
Anonymous from a warship	2	0	6
W.	1	0	0
John		10	0
H. M. J. S., pocket money	1	0	0
X., Nottingham	1	0	0
A. R. H.	10	10	0
H. C. J.	1	0	0
T. A. McC.	100	0	0
Mrs. G. B.	10	0	0
Anonymous from Brighton		10	0
C. M., a labourer	1	0	0
Anonymous		15	0
R. B.		10	0
An old woman to England		10	0
S. A. R.	24	3	8
Sir G. L.	10	0	0
Dowager Lady S.	5	5	0
A Well-Wisher	1	0	0
Anonymous from Manchester		15	0
A Schoolboy		10	0
From Daughter to Mother Country		10	0
K. M. B.	3	0	0
A. E R.	2	10	0
Anonymous	41	17	6
Miss M. H.	250	0	0
Y. Z.	200	0	0
Miss I. K. B.	1	0	0
Anonymous	5	0	0
War Wounded, Harlesden	21	0	0
B. T.	7	14	0
Anonymous	45	5	9
J. E. C.	6	8	5
Anonymous	200	0	0
An Anonymous American	20	0	0
Anonymous	1000	0	0
Anonymous	522	0	0

Some of these contributions are from those who have given more than once.

ANTIQUES WHILE YOU WAIT

THE praiseworthy eagerness of America to secure some of the art treasures of Europe is equalled only by the readiness of some Europeans to supply the want.

It is said that New York has lately acquired some examples of the work of the great Donatello which have been made to order in the last few years.

The sculptor was not Donatello, who died in 1466, but Dossena, an obscure genius who still lives in Rome and was employed by two dealers who are said to have exploited his remarkable ability for imitating in his own manner the works of the great.

He seems to be a simple soul, not unacquainted with the Roman wine-shops, who did not even suspect that his masterpieces were being sold at a profit of which he received the smallest fraction.

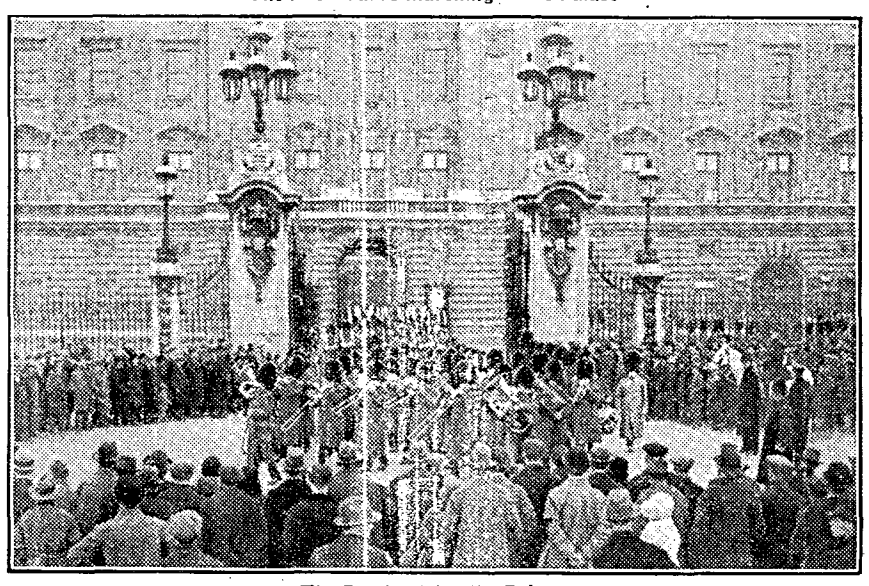
It is an odd story, and it will remind New Yorkers of another one which is told of a newly-enriched lady who was showing a leader of New York society round her magnificently decorated mansion. "This," she said, opening the door of a room more splendid than the rest, "is our Louis Seize Room."

"Indeed," said the visitor, "I wonder what makes you think so."

AT THE PALACE OF THE KING



The Life Guards marching to the Palace



The Band outside the Palace

There have been remarkable displays of public sympathy during the King's illness, large crowds lingering at the Palace gates in the coldest weather to read the bulletins.

A SOUTH POLE STOWAWAY

CAPTAIN BYRD'S aeroplanes will soon be flying over those Antarctic lands where Captain Scott met his death and Roald Amundsen, since lost with his aeroplane in the Arctic, planted a flag at the South Pole.

On one of the ships, the City of New York, which carried two aeroplanes, something besides planes was found on the voyage out to the base in New Zealand. There were three stowaways. Two of them were promptly packed ashore, which was better than they deserved, for except in sentimental songs there is nothing to be said for the stowaway, who is a dishonest nuisance.

The third stowaway is to be given more sympathetic treatment, not because he is an orphan, as the stowaway so often pleads, but because he is a Negro boy. The American explorers decided to take him and make the best of him, so that he should have the honour of being the first black man to go to the South Pole.

In the history of Polar exploration the incident is not perhaps a happy one. Captain Peary took a black man with him on his last dash to the North Pole, in preference to an Englishman, and though the weight of the best geographical authority admits Peary's claim to have reached the Pole, it was long a matter of dispute because he took his black servant instead of a white fellow explorer.

It will be interesting, at any rate, to be able to announce that a black man has stood at the two white Poles.

MUSSOLINI'S WAY

STOPPING THE MARCH TO THE TOWNS

The Astonishing Developments Taking Place in London

A NEW FACTORY EVERY WEEK

Signor Mussolini says Italy is spending far more than she can afford on building houses in the towns for peasants from the villages.

The peasants crowd into the towns in search of work, and he gives notice that in due course those who have not found work will be sent back again and no more allowed to leave the villages.

It would be better, he says, to spend money on reclaiming waste land and rebuilding decayed cottages, so as to help agriculture, than to go on building houses in the towns for dissatisfied agricultural labourers.

Changes of Population

Whether in town or country people have to be housed, as we know to our cost in England. We have the same influx to deal with here; and we have in addition the curious movement of industries from the industrial north to the south, with its accompanying changes of population.

The Ministry of Labour has just published figures which show that in the past five years London's factory population has risen ten per cent. In south-east England outside London it has risen by 18 per cent; while in the north it has risen by only three per cent.

In and around London at least one new factory is being opened every week, and the factory workers are increasing by more than a thousand a week.

New Factory District

Happily, the most remarkable increases are outside the London County Council area, in the district to the west of it, between Acton and Slough, including Southall and Hayes, where there are nearly three times as many factory workers as there were five years ago. Hayes has more than 30 factories, Southall 40, Slough 60, and Acton 80.

We do not think Mr. Baldwin is likely to imitate Mussolini and forbid this movement because of the cost of the houses; they are abundantly paid for by the work of their occupants.

WORTHING AND THE GOLDEN RULE

One Town Helps Another

Worthing has decided to do a fine thing: it is going to adopt Brynmawr.

This revives one of the best ideas of the war. Someone suggested that an English town should adopt a Belgian town and help it to recover from the ravages of war, and the scheme spread with the very best results.

There is no war in South Wales, but there is so much unemployment among miners that a stranger might think enemy guns had wiped out the country's trade. People who earn no wages cannot pay rent or rates or buy their children shoes. A terrible silence has fallen on the streets.

A relief fund has been organised, and people in more prosperous areas are coming to the aid of South Wales. The town of Worthing has decided to care for the special needs of Brynmawr.

Already the mayor has taken a party from Worthing to the stricken town, and one of the first things the visitors noticed was that the allotments were unplanted. Seed potatoes are being sent, besides gifts of clothing and money.

The delegates told Worthing when they returned that the thing which struck them most was the fortitude of the people. On every hand they saw great poverty but never heard a complaint.

"They are trying to make the best of it," said the delegates.

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THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT WAIT

Virtue of Impatience

GIVING A CHANCE TO BROKEN MEN

Patience is a virtue—but not always. "He bore with exemplary patience the sufferings of others," is not a proud epitaph; nor is "He never saw a wrong without hoping someone else would right it."

In the past men were killed in war or lost limbs or eyes or came out unhurt. When the last war had been waged for a year or two people learned that there was a new thing that war could do: it had become so horrible in its sights and sounds that it could shatter a man's reason. They learned that soldiers who were suffering from shell-shock were being sent to pauper asylums.

Most people were horrified, and one man acted. He opened a home at Hampstead where these broken men might have the best treatment. "The Government will do something," people said, and by and by, when this man's work proved a success, it did do something, but it was well for many a soldier that this man did not wait.

A Work of Justice

His work still goes on, for there are 32,000 ex-servicemen still whose nerves are shattered as the result of war service. At Leatherhead and Beckenham there are beautiful homes for them; there is work at good wages in a model factory, there is the best medical treatment, and there is help in the matter of dealing with pension questions. Private people last year subscribed £40,000 toward this work of justice to the most pitiful of all war's victims.

Sir Frederick Milner is over 79, but he must feel that nothing in his long life is so important as this work of his old age. Many men who were nearing 70 when war broke out were stricken at the thought of young lives sacrificed for them, and they took it for granted that they could do nothing in return. Not so Sir Frederick. In founding the Ex-Services Welfare Society he has helped many a man back to sanity and independence who might have ended his days in an asylum. Sometimes impatience is a virtue.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nottingham has just opened its new covered market-place.

The Mayor of Lewisham, Mr. J. T. Hallinan, has five sons who are doctors.

About £90,000 is to be spent in converting Mansfield trams into a system of trolley buses.

The Tram and Its Millions

Nearly 5000 million people were carried on British tramways last year.

An Admiral's Collection

A collection of over 1000 birds, over 300 eggs, and 50 nests has been presented to South Kensington by Rear-Admiral Lynes.

Descended From John Knox

There has lately passed away in County Tyrone, Ireland, a lady who was probably the last survivor of a family descended from John Knox.

Alexandra Roses

Over £53,000 was raised for charity by the sale of Alexandra Roses this year, nearly £7000 of it going to the cripples who make the roses.

For the Old Church

£1000 paid for a Thomas Hardy manuscript is to be spent on repairing the beautiful old Norman Church at Winterborne Thompson, which has for many years stood neglected.

Chief Jonathan

A resident in Basutoland, writing about a C.N. article on the death of the Basuto Chief Jonathan, mentions that he was the grandson, not the son, of the famous Chief Moshesh.

A JOYFUL DAY FOR THE BAKER'S MAN

It was improbable that anyone ever thought harshly about Winnie—how could they, wise, gentle creature that she was?

Certainly she was loved by everyone in our row of houses, which faced the fields with an air of aloofness from the ordinary bustling of suburban life. We loved her glossy black neck and roving eye, her way of thrusting her head over the front hedge to see if the customary greeting and perhaps a lump of sugar awaited her.

She had been coming with our bread for years and years. She knew the round so well that if her master stood too long talking at the door of one house she would amble on to the next, and there turn a reproachful gaze on him. Never, by design or mischance, did she go beyond the right gate; and so sure were her feet that had her master been blindfold she would have led him right.

Perfect Companionship

And he was a cheerful soul, having always a bright word or a cheery whistle which seemed to spring in part from his perfect companionship with the horse. They had been together for more years than he liked to remember; and though we knew that Winnie was no longer young we little thought her life of usefulness was to be cut short.

It was a shock, therefore, when one day our baker's man called without Winnie, with a face that told of his loss. In the road was a motor-van. Winnie had gone, too old and too slow to compete with the rattling, fussy motor-van. Pity it was, said our baker's man, that he ever learned to drive a car, which seemed a strange, unnatural, and unfriendly thing after Winnie. What could we do but mourn with him for the passing of his old companion?

A Strange Thing Happens

It took some little while to get accustomed to the noisy motor-van. We never got accustomed to the change in the baker's man. His old cheerfulness fell from him like a cloak. He came and went in a dull sort of way, and we knew he was often thinking of Winnie.

So time went on. The baker's man was less and less cheerful. Sometimes the bread was late, and always then he blamed the motor-van.

A month passed, six weeks, and we accepted the motor-van as part of the daily scheme of things. Then a strange thing happened. Our baker's man called with the old merry whistle and a cheerful knock on the door. His face was lit with a smile.

"There," he exclaimed joyfully, waving his hand toward the road, "there she is, back again." And there, sure enough, was Winnie, thrusting her nose over the hedge as of old.

Why Winnie Returned

"You wonder why," he said. "I'll tell you. That motor was not a success. They thought I should do the round more quickly and more cheaply, and they were wrong. You see, a motor-van is a stupid thing. It stops where you leave it, and it won't go ambling on to the next gate as Winnie does. That's what used to save me so much time (I'd have to run between houses to catch Winnie up), and, what's more, Winnie didn't break as the motor does! Truth is she's quicker and cheaper, and here she is again!"

That morning Winnie made a sort of triumphal progress from house to house; and, as for the baker's man, it was good to see his old cheerfulness back again. Once more our bread comes every morning with many a cheery whistle and many a bright word.

A GALLANT NURSE

Helping Life Along in Australia

We have always known that nurses are brave people, and so were not surprised to hear this story of an Australian nurse, told by the Rev. J. Andrew Barber, who has organised an Aerial Medical Service for Queensland.

In some parts of Northern Australia the farms are so scattered that it took one sick woman forty to fifty days to reach the nearest hospital, a tiny one which was staffed by two trained nurses but no doctor.

When a man on another farm got a broken leg he could not go to the hospital, but a message was sent, and one of the nurses set off on horseback to tend him.

It was the rainy season, and between her and the patient lay five flooded rivers averaging three-quarters of a mile wide and haunted by crocodiles. She was a city-bred girl from Sydney, but she swam her horse across those rivers and made a splendid job of the broken leg.

Now an aeroplane will enable a doctor to visit all the little hospitals scattered over the North, or to visit urgent cases in their own lonely homes without delay or danger from crocodiles.

ERASMUS THE GREAT

Dry Bones That Live

Nearly four centuries ago the bones of the great Erasmus, scholar, friend of Sir Thomas More, translator of the New Testament, and a born Liberal at heart, were laid in the cathedral at Basle.

Millions of feet have echoed past his grave, and few of the passers-by have forgotten about him. He is still revered, and when the new central heating system was installed in the cathedral some doubts arose about its effect on the old scholar's bones.

A main pipe would have to pass through his tomb, and the authorities decided that, liberal-minded as Erasmus was, such a course was not respectful to him. The bones of the great scholar have therefore been removed to the Schaler Chapel in another part of the cathedral, and when the 400th anniversary of the birth of the Reformation is held next year pilgrims to Basle will visit this memorial to one of the lights of that great event.

An English writer of the nineteenth century said that when Erasmus was born the words "Let there be light" thundered from Pole to Pole. But nothing was said about central heating.

A WATER LEAGUE?

The Only Way for All

Water, as Cecil Rhodes once said of rain, never did anyone any harm, and in England we always seem to have plenty of both.

Yet, according to the Ministry of Health (which recently noted that the Londoner with bath and a garden now uses 36 gallons a day whereas his grandfather did not use seven), there may not presently be enough water to go round.

Some towns and districts use more than others. When there is plenty at Margate there may be a water famine in Minehead. Country villages have perforce to do with less than that enjoyed by town suburbs.

The remedy is to pool the water resources and divide the country into large districts, or regions, in each of which the amount of water needed can be ascertained and the right number of millions of gallons allotted.

In other words we shall have to have a Water League, on the League of Nations model, in which every region like every nation will gather round a Water Board. Slowly but surely the world is realising that the cooperation of all for the good of all is the only way.

LATEST NEWS FOR THE DOG

No More Distemper Necessary

GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE SCIENTIST

A dog's life will be a happier one and a safer one in the future than it has been for hundreds of years because a preventive of the distemper which threatens every puppy's life has been found.

It is the result of five years of patient search at Mill Hill, where the laboratories of the Medical Research Council are situated, and the investigators, of whom the chief is Dr. Laidlaw, aided by Mr. F. W. Dunkin, have had many disappointments and set-backs. But now they know beyond a doubt that by a double inoculation of a dog they can protect it against distemper as surely as a human being can be protected against smallpox.

Five of the best working years of a scientific man's life and £50,000 have been spent on securing this charter of health for the dogs of the future. Half the money has been spent ungrudgingly by dog-lovers, who have sent it for the purpose to the fund raised by our weekly friend the *Field* newspaper.

The best thing about the discovery, which will some day sweep dog-distemper from the world, is that the time and effort and money have been spent *solely in the interests of the dog*. It is the best answer that has been made to those who call our scientists cruel vivisectionists.

GIVE THEM BOOKS

The Best Christmas Gifts

There are so many jolly things in the shops just now that most C.N. readers must be puzzled to know what to give to their boy and girl friends—or to know what to choose for themselves.

Nothing can give quite so much pleasure as a book, and the selection is bigger than ever in the bookseller's windows this year.

Tinies who are just learning to read will delight in Chick's Own Annual (3s. 6d.). The type in this book is big and bold, long words are divided into syllables, and there are pictures to paint. Bubbles Annual at the same price is another jolly book suitable for those slightly older.

For many years the Playbox Annual (6s.) has been a great favourite with boys and girls up to ten. This year it is better than ever with its happy fairy and adventure stories and pictures of Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys.

Schoolboys and schoolgirls are particularly lucky this year. Chums Annual (12s. 6d.) is a big book for boys with over 800 pages. British Boy's Annual (5s.) offers similar fare at a lower price. Girls will find many happy hours of reading in the School Friend Annual (6s.) and the British Girl's Annual (5s.).

Books are the best of all presents. They are easy to pack and cheap to post.

LORD TENNYSON

Son of the Poet Passes On

Hallam, second Lord Tennyson, who has passed away at 76, will be remembered in the best sense as the son of his father.

He was the poet laureate's devoted companion, his biographer, and editor of many reprints of his works. He won golden opinions as Governor of South Australia in 1899–1902 and as Governor-General of Australia in 1902–1904.

He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son Lionel, the famous England and Hampshire cricketer.

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WHERE FOCH KEPT WATCH

A HERO ON HIS HORSE

Schoolboy Ferdinand and What Life Has Brought Him

BRAINS AND FAITH

By La Petite Européenne

Driving through Cassel the other day I was stirred by the sight of the monument unveiled there this year in honour of Marshal Foch. It is a fine figure of the great commander, and it stands on the spot where the marshal kept watch over Flanders during one of the most tragic moments of the war.

It is rather surprising to see him represented on a horse, as he had very little opportunity during the war to use one, but something must be conceded to tradition. In any case, the mount is at ease and the rider is calm.

Who is Foch?

Learn to Think

He comes from a family which has lived in the Pyrenees for centuries; that is to say, he is a highlander, bold, hardy, and intrepid.

At school little Ferdinand was an attentive pupil. "Extraordinary aptitude for geometry; his clear brain will go far," noted one of his masters.

He was 19 when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. He enlisted. Soon his best friend was killed. "We will avenge you," the young soldier thought.

He worked hard. He became a colonel. He became a general. He became the master of strategy.

"Learn to think," he said to his pupils. "Before answering any question ask yourself how the matter stands."

When the Great War burst upon the world Foch was 63. Twenty days later he commanded an army in the centre of the front where the enemy were going to launch their main attack. The defence was difficult, the situation desperate. But at headquarters the following dispatch was received:

"My centre gives way, my right wing is retreating. Situation excellent. I am attacking."

In Flanders

Now we find him in Flanders when the guard is changed. Strange creatures with slimy shells crawl out of holes. These creatures are men. They hold out in spite of everything and they will continue to hold out—from the heights of Cassel Foch has cast his spell over them.

But on the opposite side the Germans seem to have infinite resources; reinforcements and fresh artillery are brought up unceasingly, and in order to be present at the next victory of his troops the Kaiser himself has arrived.

Does he happen, through his field-glasses, to see an officer dressed in steel grey, a man of middle-height walking with a jerky pace? It is Foch. He goes to the King of the Belgians; he persuades him to hold out on the patch of mud which now comprises his whole kingdom. He goes to see French and persuades him to resist at all costs. "Hold out! Everything is won if we hold out," he says.

All Hold Out

He is heard. He is believed. The French hold out. The Belgians hold out. The British hold out. And, all mixed and confused as they are, they fight in mud against fresh troops.

At last there is a respite. The Kaiser forsakes his hopeless post.

"Use your brains," Foch had been used to say to his pupils.

He always does use his brains. And on the day which was to come, when a high personage was to ask him: "Are you positive of victory for this year?" he was able to reply: "Absolutely certain, Mr. President."

Brains and faith—both go to make our great marshal.

A THOUSAND TIMES NO

Does Death End Life?

A famous astronomer and Director of the Alleghany Observatory at Pittsburg astonished scientists the other day by a remarkable speech.

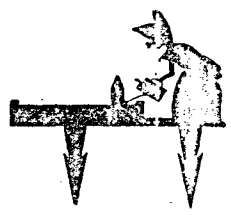
Addressing the American Institute in New York Dr. Heber Curtis spoke of certain gaps in our knowledge, and went on to say that he was ready to admit another gap between the world of matter and that which we call the world of spirit.

It was impossible, he said, to believe that mathematics and literature and music and the character of human beings was nothing but chemistry, which ended with what we call death, and he wound up with these words:

With space, energy, matter, and, doubtless, time apparently continual, with no atom lost, are we ourselves the only manifestation that comes to an end, stops, ceases, dies, is annihilated, at three-score years and ten? No, gentlemen, no; a thousand times no.

THE STEP GIRL

We like this so much that we give it a free advertisement. It is a postcard we have just received from the Wind Mill Hut at Storrington in Sussex.



I am prepared to keep the mud out of your house for the rest of my life for 8s. 9d., and pay my own fare to your address.

I shall live a long life as I have a Cast Iron constitution.

My Grandma (photo herewith) will be found useful and ornamental at the garden door. THE STEP GIRL

The answer is, of course, a Foot Scraper. We give the portrait of Grandma.

I PROMISE

We like this little pledge that the children of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Mission have taken.

I promise

Not to pull up plants by the roots and not to injure animals, trees, plants, and flowers in and about Bermondsey.

To do my best to sow seeds or plant trees and flowers at least once a year.

Not to throw about broken crockery, tins, paper, or any other rubbish.

To do all I can to make Bermondsey healthful and beautiful.

A GOOD LITTLE ANIMAL BOOK

The writer has just found a book which every C.N. reader will like to see. It is called the New Nature Book for Boys and Girls, and is 6s.

Lovers of the open air and wild life will find it much more interesting than a story book, for it brings to our fireside all the ways in which birds and beasts live, hunt, and make their homes. It has action photographs in hundreds showing us animals, birds, and fishes in their own surroundings.

THE SILKWORM'S BRAIN

A professor has pointed out that wild silkworms, when hatched out, climb upward in search of leafy food, while the silkworms hatched out at home by boys and girls just raise their heads and wave them about, waiting to be fed.

It would seem that there can be no such thing as heredity in the silkworm, and that its brain power is not very great.

THE ROSE HARVEST

Great disappointment has been caused in Bulgaria owing to the effect of the cold weather on the rose harvest, which will be cut down by nearly 40 per cent.

The finest otto of roses is still made from Bulgarian roses; the French have tried valiantly to produce roses as good, but have not succeeded.

THE BIG TELESCOPE

A World's Eye On the Universe

The great telescope which is to be made to reveal hundreds of millions of new stars is expected to cost something near that of a battleship. Certainly it will be worth a dozen battleships, with its reflector 25 feet across.

Today glass workers cannot cast a blank of anything like this size. It would have to be immensely heavy, and could not be made without numbers of flaws.

Professor Ritchie, who has designed the new telescope, has worked out a special method of making such a huge mirror. The piece of glass used is little more than an inch thick, and it is possible to produce perfect large plates of this thinness. This glass plate is supported on vertical walls of thin glass running like the cardboard partitions in an egg-box, each one adjusted to allow the right curvature of the big mirror. The whole thing is baked, and the surface is then ground to the exact spherical shape.

It will be like a great eye through which the world will look out into the vast Universe.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

Why is an Old Story Called a Chestnut?

Dr Ernest Weekley suggests that it is from an oft-repeated story in which a chestnut tree is particularly mentioned.

Why did Edward I Go to Burgh-on Sands?

It was on his route into Scotland to put down an insurrection under Bruce, but he was already a dying man, and having reached the village he stopped there for a night and expired the next day.

What are Baxter Prints?

Pictures printed from wood blocks in oil colours, as many as twenty separate blocks being used in some cases for one picture. The results are very beautiful. Baxter prints are much sought after by collectors, and fetch high prices.

What Causes the Northern Lights?

It is believed that the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is due to collisions between electric particles arriving from the Sun and particles of rarefied gases on the outskirts of the Earth's atmosphere.

What is Muntz Metal?

Yellow metal which is composed of three parts of copper to two of zinc. It is used for sheathing and for tubes of boilers. It was invented by Mr. Muntz of Birmingham.

What did Professors Schleiden and Schwann Discover?

Matthias Jakob Schleiden (1840–1881) discovered and proved that all vegetable tissue develops from nucleated cells, and this paved the way for the cell theory of Theodor Schwann (1810–1882), which proved that the most varied tissues, such as those of feathers, nails, and so on, all have a cellular origin.

Why Does a Girl's Coat Button on the Opposite Side to a Boy's?

It has been suggested that in olden times men wearing loose cloaks grasped them with the left hand and thrust the left side over the right, to leave the right hand free to wield a weapon; while women thrust the right side over the left, leaving the left hand free to hold a baby. In this way men's and women's garments came to be fastened on different sides.

Why Did Fahrenheit Make Boiling-Point 212 Degrees?

He made zero the lowest temperature he could obtain, using a mixture of ice and salt. Then the interval between this and the temperature of the human body he divided into twelve degrees, subdividing these later into 96. Graduated thus the freezing and boiling-points of water came out at 32 and 212.

When and Why were Gargoyles First Put on Churches?

Gargoyles are water-spouts for directing the rainwater running off the roof away from the walls. They were first carved into fantastic dragon-like forms in the Middle Ages to commemorate the legendary slaying of Gargouille, the great dragon of the Seine that ravaged Rouen, by Romanus, Bishop of Rouen, in the seventh century.

BRILLIANT VENUS

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE

Wonders of the Little Moons of Mars

A QUEER THING IN GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

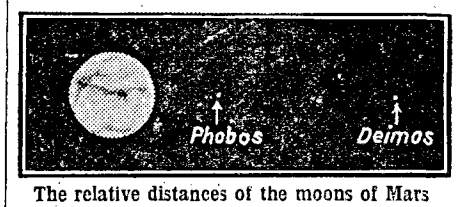
By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus is now a splendid feature of the south-west sky during the early part of the evening, far exceeding both Mars and Jupiter in brilliance. She sets, at present, soon after seven o'clock, and so will be seen to greatest advantage between one and two hours earlier.

On Saturday, December 15, Venus may be seen above the crescent Moon, and only about eight times the Moon's diameter away, making with the sunset sky an impressive picture. Venus is now about 95 million miles away, but little farther than the Sun, and is rapidly approaching our world, getting about four miles nearer every second, or eight times faster than a bullet leaves a rifle.

On Friday next, December 21, the Earth will draw level with Mars and pass between him and the Sun, after which our world will begin to leave Mars behind.

Mars is the fortunate possessor of two moons, Deimos and Phobos. They are



The relative distances of the moons of Mars

only visible in the most powerful telescopes, Deimos being of about twelfth magnitude and Phobos about eleventh magnitude, their proximity to the radiant Mars rendering them still more difficult to see.

They were not discovered until the year 1877 when Professor Asaph Hall first glimpsed them. They are so small that some doubt exists as to their exact size, Phobos being between 10 and 20 miles in diameter and Deimos between 5 and 10 miles. These are the smallest moons telescopically perceptible to the human vision.

But though appearing so small to us they appear very different as seen from Mars, for Deimos is only 14,400 miles from the surface of Mars and would shine as a bright little disc about one-twentieth the width that our Moon appears to us.

This little satellite would exhibit all the phases that our Moon does, but of course could not eclipse the Sun, neither could Phobos, so the glories of a total eclipse of the Sun are for ever denied to the Martians, should any exist. The month of Deimos would be very short, for this little moon revolves round Mars in but 30 hours, 18 minutes.

As Seen From Mars

Phobos would be the wonder and glory of the Martian night sky, for it is distant only 3700 miles from the surface of Mars, and revolves round him in but 7 hours, 39 minutes. This is less than a third of the time that it takes Mars to rotate, so an observer in the equatorial regions of the planet would see the unique sight of a tiny moon rising in the west instead of the east, and gradually getting bigger, until in less than two hours, when almost overhead, Phobos would appear about one-third the diameter of our Moon, but then it would be usually eclipsed by Mars.

It is a remarkable thing that these two moons of Mars were imagined to exist by Dean Swift in 1726, 151 years before they were *discovered!* In his Gulliver's Travels he refers to them with details singularly near the truth as regards their distance from Mars, and astonishingly so when he said that Phobos "revolves in the space of ten hours, and Deimos in twenty-one and a half." G. F. M.

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HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of the Junior Cup

Told by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 23

Hendry Thinks Hard

THEN fell a spell of horrible silence between them, while Hendry stood and stared at his cousin intently. Then he uttered in a strained voice: "Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I said," rejoined Major, letting the lids drop over his eyes for an instant. "I didn't send the Cup away to be engraved. I never intended to. I can't tell you how sorry I am, but I was in a fix from which I could only escape by using the Cup."

"You used *my* Cup!" breathed young Hendry, white as a sheet.

"I owe money. I can't pay it," Major went on. "So I left the Cup with the man till I can pay."

"Someone in the school?"

"No," Major said hoarsely.

"You can get it back? You must get it back."

"No, I can't. I mean," declared Major, correcting himself, "not just yet. But directly I can I'll pay him and then get it back, and that's why I said just now: Don't be in a hurry." He stopped and his face worked anxiously. "Hendry," he stuttered, "you must stand by me. You must. Because we're relations."

For another space there were no words from young Hendry. The colour which had drained from his cheeks had returned, but his face was bleak and his eyes held a frozen expression. "You've sort of stunned me, I think," he murmured at last. "I'd never have dreamed you could have played such a low-down trick."

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't help myself!" Major cried.

"Is that," young Hendry went on in the same lifeless tones, "why you showed me those beastly short cuts? Is that why you egged me on to going in for the run? Had you plotted it all from the beginning on purpose to get hold of the Cup?"

Major's eyes dropped again. "Yes," he admitted. "The first time I mentioned the run to you I wasn't in a fix and I had no ulterior motive; you must do me that justice. But then I was suddenly in a horrible plight, which was going to swamp me, till it came on me in a flash that if you could win the Cup I could get it and use it."

"And you knew I could never win if I ran the full course?"

"Yes," Major said humbly.

"And you thought I'd never discover how I had cheated!"

Irritation took the place of humility. In fretful accents Major retorted, "Don't goad me! Of course I left that out of my calculations. Why should I suppose that Randall would take you over the course? I made a bloomer. I know it."

"And what about this expulsion business?" was all Hendry answered.

"Naturally you can't explain without bringing me into it. And if you bring me into it I'll be expelled."

"I can tell them that I'll give them the Cup back presently."

"You can't. You would have to begin by explaining how and why you cheated. That brings me in at once. Then you go on to the Cup. And that puts me in much worse, because you can't make a plausible yarn about it, so you've either got to tell the truth or keep mum."

"Oh, I'm not going to start telling lies," young Hendry exclaimed.

"Nor would I advise you to," said his cousin, quite calm again. "If you did you'd be sure to break down directly they questioned you. And therefore——"

"Yes? And therefore?" challenged young Hendry.

"Your only possible course is to keep your mouth shut."

"And remain a fraud!"

"Pooh!" Major said lightly. "You didn't intend to cheat or know you were cheating, so why worry? But, of course, if you'd rather get your own cousin expelled go ahead and do so. I'm quite at your mercy. Go on! Get your cousin expelled if you like."

Once more and for the last time their gaze met and held; the youngster's calm, steady eyes full of pain and reproach, his senior's charged with supplication and shame through which a flash of bravado was trying to struggle.

Then, starting like a man who starts out of a dream, Hendry withdrew his gaze and walked slowly off.

In a gust of terror his cousin pursued him. "You are not going to tell?" he entreated.

"Oh, do leave me alone. I've got to think," gulped young Hendry.

Such a world of thinking he had to do now. Harder thinking than ever before in his life. For it seemed that everything had come down with a crash, and that whatever course he took, whatever he did, nothing could restore his former content.

Could he find the money himself to recover the Cup? But when, later on in the day, he mastered his repugnance of his cousin sufficiently to ask how much money would be needed, and learned that the sum was four pounds, he gave that thought up. There was no one to whom he could turn for such an amount. Some fellows, he reflected, could easily write home for it. But theirs was not his case. Too well he knew what sacrifices his father was making already in order to supplement his scholarship funds.

Once more he taxed Major.

"*You* must write to your people," he cried. But this started the other off on a miserable tale of how he was owing money here, there, and everywhere; and of how he had drained his people until they were sick of it, and had warned him that next time he tried to exceed his allowance they would write to the Head and probably take him away.

"There's a very big firm of Indian merchants," he ended, and named a firm whose reputation was world-wide, "and they have promised me a post with splendid prospects out East so long as I pass out of Eastborough with a clean sheet. So you see, Hendry, don't you? that I can't afford a bad row with the Head or run any risk of my people taking me away."

CHAPTER 24

A Hard Knot

HIS cousin came to him again before tea. "I promise you, I promise solemnly, that I'll raise the money somehow and get you your Cup back. Quite soon, I will, if only you'll wait, Hendry."

"Anyhow, where *is* the Cup?" frowned young Hendry.

His cousin reflected a moment, watching him covertly. "As you have got to trust me entirely or not at all I had better not tell you that," he answered at length. "You see, if you know where it is you may go and unconsciously let out something which would drag my name in after all. I give you my word that the Cup is perfectly safe. But I'd better not say where it is, for both our sakes, Hendry."

His voice was as pleasant as ever, his manner most earnest.

"Oh, very well," growled young Hendry, far too disgusted to enter into any more wordy arguments. "But I warn you of this: I haven't made up my mind yet."

"When will you tell me?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow."

"All right," muttered Major, and turned away with a smile.

He was smiling because he felt he had won. His young cousin's indecision could point, he thought, only one way.

As a matter of fact, it did not. As a matter of fact, when young Hendry promised to make his decision next day the scales were balanced evenly in his mind, and full of disgust of his cousin, loathing the sight of him, he was contemplating letting him take his chance just as steadily as he was pondering the alternative.

What, then, was it which stayed his hand for the while?

It was not emotion. It was not sentiment. He hated Major now with a stout hatred, and would not have turned a hair nor shed half a tear if the Head had chanced to send for his cousin that evening to expel him there and then on some other account.

"A jolly good riddance!" he would have informed himself fervently. *But to be the means of getting his cousin expelled?*

To have to reflect, for the rest of his life, perhaps, that by his doing his cousin had been brought to expulsion and saddled with its disgrace, that was a different thing; a different thing utterly. Expulsion; and the consequences of expulsion. Peculiar and immediate consequences in Major's case. "*If you get me expelled you dish my whole future!*" His cousin's frantic appeal! How it rang in his ears. That splendid post in India with its great prospects! Forfeited! Gone for good. Through *his* doing.

If he became the means of getting his cousin expelled he would be signing, so to speak, Major's death-warrant with that fine firm. Could he bring himself to this? Could he steel himself to this? Was it possible?

He wished it were possible. His indecision only swung to that point, namely, that he was trying to persuade himself into doing it. Yet he knew that neither he nor anyone else, no ordinary normal fellow could do it.

"It isn't done," he muttered, savagely almost.

Yes, but then came his own case. How would *he* stand? He had won the Cup and all it meant by a hideous mistake, and, now that he knew this, every day he put off telling the truth would make the mistake more hideous and more repulsive, however innocent it was to begin with.

Then what of his own case?

There flashed on young Hendry's mind in that hour of torment certain words which had hitherto seemed so unreal, so far off; certain words, indeed, which singularly belonged to himself but which he had never supposed that he must confront and apply. *My honour stands*—how did it run, that motto of his family? *My honour stands on my own actions, not on those of others.*

In his serious, thoughtful fashion he puzzled at this, with sombre eyes and mouth set hard as a flint. Was his honour lost? he was asking.

No; smirched as he felt, he saw that the wrong which his cousin's treachery had caused him to commit, that dishonourable act which Major had done to him and through him, did not stain his honour because it was not his doing. But at the same time he perceived, with a torturing clarity, that his honour would stand or fall *on the course he took now;* with his eyes open; of his own will. Yes, so far his hands were clean. Was it possible to keep them clean?

For whatever he did he must live up to his motto.

This consideration naturally affected young Hendry more deeply because, as Ripshank had dragged out of him in the library, he had so recently witnessed his father go into poverty rather than betray the family pride. The impression thus graven by his father's example was fresh and vivid, a finger-post for himself in this pass of perplexity. And if he should default from the claim of the blood how could he, he thought, look his father again in the face?

What, then, of his own case? And how reconcile keeping silence about the mistake with his duty to his own conscience?

He *had* to keep his honour clean in his own eyes. But he had also to save his cousin from being expelled. It had come to that. He felt certain of that now. He would not be the cause of Major's disgrace.

Suppose that instead of saying nothing about it to anyone, as Major suggested, he were straightaway to put all the blame on himself, professing that he had taken the short cuts on purpose and that he had parted with the Cup which he would do his best to restore. He would be telling a lie, but a lie which would save his cousin and hurt nobody but himself. Still, why, he reflected, should he put all the blame on himself? Why make himself appear such a despicable cad? Why invite the contempt of the whole school? Why go to such an extreme for the sake of his cousin? Surely only an idiot would go to such lengths!

This he kept telling himself with savage insistence.

So very wretchedly did he drag through the rest of the day (a day he was to remember as long as he lived), worrying and worrying to cut this hard knot of reconciling his duty to himself with his care for his cousin. But in the evening, a few minutes before chapel, he managed to get a word with Major again, and whispered anxiously, "Will you get it back this term?"

"Of course," smiled the Major.

Young Hendry looked hard at him. "Do you seriously mean that?"

"I do. You can take my word, can't you?"

"No, I can't. But I've got to," young Hendry retorted. Then he waited an instant. "Very well. I won't speak yet," he announced in a strained tone.

Major tried to get hold of his hand, but young Hendry evaded him.

"No, thanks, I don't want to shake hands with you," he said. "To tell you the truth, I'd love to see you expelled."

This was uttered with such composure that it staggered the other, who exclaimed: "But you've promised! You won't go back on your promise?"

"No, I won't. But I hate you," uttered young Hendry.

Major flushed. Then forced an indifferent shrug, and forced another smile, and went slowly away.

"Vindictive little beast!" he was growling under his breath.

And young Hendry went off with a set face and heavy heart. For although he had found a way of cutting the knot, had discovered how to keep silence about the Cup while satisfying his conscience at the same time, his world had changed and the sunshine had gone from his sky.

TO BE CONTINUED

The New Thing We Can All Do

A picture is the quickest way to the brain

I·See·All is the quickest way to a picture

It is now possible to turn up

A Picture of a Thing

A Portrait of a Man

A View of a Place

as easily as a word in the dictionary

See Arthur Mee's New Fortnightly

I·SEE·ALL

Selling Everywhere Now

Who Was He?

The Quietest American

THE American Republic takes pride to itself in being the land in which everybody hustles or rushes. Yet it once produced a man who tried to be the quietest man in the world.

His ancestors on his father's side were Channel Islanders and on his mother's side Scottish. He was born, and lived nearly all his life, in the sleepy village of Concord, Massachusetts, a place where several famous people lived, notably Ralph Waldo Emerson, America's finest philosopher.

He had sufficient education to be, in early life, a teacher in the Academy where he had gone to school as a boy, and when he gave up teaching he earned a bare living as a writer of books and a lecturer.

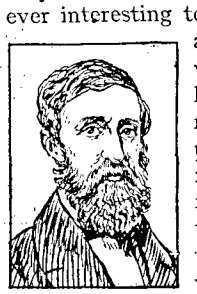
But he remains known by a book which he wrote while living by himself in a hut he built with his own hand near a small pond in the woods. Its name was Walden Pond, and the book was called Walden, or Life in the Woods.

There, for over two years, he lived, with as little work as possible, on what he produced from a small piece of land he cultivated.

His theory was that very little labour will feed a man and give him all he reasonably needs. Six weeks of work at the right time of the year on the right vegetables will, he declares, produce, with the earth's kindly aid, enough food to last a year. For the rest, other work will earn enough to buy clothes and books. Then one can spend an abundance of time in the open air, observing animals and birds, plants and flowers, and being happy in the simplest way.

This theory, interesting as it may be, leaves out a man's duty toward his fellow-men, social intercourse, family life, and gaining personal knowledge of the wide world. It was only endured for two years by this man who was solitary for a purpose. It did not bring him health, for he died at the age of 44. It did not bring him solitude, for people sought him out to see how he was faring. But it did give him close companionship with wild animal life, and an occupation in writing down his experiences and observations while he had nothing else to do.

The life in which he avoided doing anything else for the welfare of the world produced a very readable book which is for ever interesting to all lovers of animal life who wish to know how, in quietness and sympathy, they may gain the friendship of the wild creatures of the wood and pond.



Here is his portrait. Who was this quietest of all Americans?

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Good Humour Carries the Day O'er All the World

THE BRAN TUB

A Beheaded Word

WHOLE I am what is often paid
By one friend to another;
What we would joyfully receive
From absent friend or brother.
Beheaded, I a question am,
Which, if you will transpose,
You need no further seek for it,
An answer will disclose.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

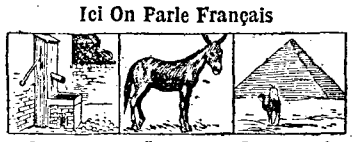
MOLES are busily at work throwing up hillocks. Chaffinches are collecting in flocks. The daisy, mezereon, and wallflower are all found in blossom in sheltered spots. Seaweed and shells are thrown up on the beach by the stormy seas.

Transposition

HOW great in olden days my power!
Oft have I saved the embattled tower
From the invading foe.
Transpose me, ah! how great my fall!
I'm then the smallest of the small,
And lowest of the low.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La pompe — La mule — La pyramide

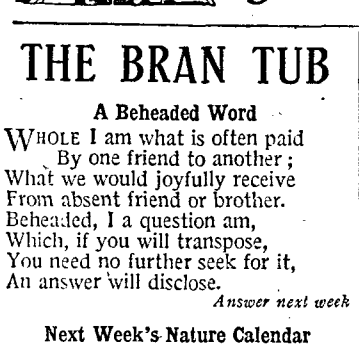
Allez chercher de l'eau à la pompe.
La mule est parfois très obstinée.
Les pyramides se trouvent en Egypte.

How Arras Tapestry Got Its Name

ARRAS tapestry hangings for the walls of a room obtained their name from the town in Northern France where Robespierre was born. For centuries Arras was famous for the manufacture of beautiful tapestries, many of which found their way to England.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A swimming bird. **6.** Hackneyed. **10.** An eagle's nest. **12.** Chemical symbol for aluminium. **13.** To annoy. **15.** Decoration for valour. **16.** To ensnare. **18.** Little. **19.** French for *dry* **20.** To venture. **22.** A thread of metal. **23.** Worn down. **24.** Part of the body. **26.** A blur. **28.** German river. **29.** To wager. **31.** Organ of hearing. **32.** A printer's measure. **33.** A lady. **35.** Name sometimes given to the seventh note of the scale. **36.** One who ascends. **38.** Medicine. **40.** Habitations.

Reading Down. 1. Helmet-shaped parts of a calyx. **2.** Above and touching. **3.** A cereal. **4.** Killed. **5.** A headland. **6.** Scottish river. **7.** Symbol for King Edward. **8.** Large stream of flowing water. **9.** A leathern belt for carrying cartridges. **11.** Odd. **14.** Combined with gas or with air. **17.** Vehicles. **19.** To move to one side. **21.** To recede. **22.** Spider's home. **25.** To inject. **27.** Fertile tract in the desert. **29.** Empty. **30.** Famous M.C.C. bowler. **33.** Males. **34.** French for *my*. **37.** Compass point. **39.** New Testament (abbrev.).

Do You Know?

HOW did the first men get to New Zealand?

What is the oldest known bird in the world?

What was the first English magazine?

Why are cold autumns good for trees?

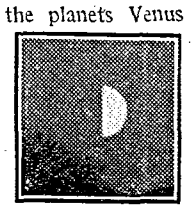
Who was John Newton?

Why is the right hand in heraldry called the left?

The answers to these questions will be found in My Magazine for January, which is now on sale everywhere.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, and Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 6 p.m. on December 19.



An Alphabet of History

EACH of these couplets refers to a historical character whose name begins with the letter in large type. The answers will appear next week, when a further set of rhymes will also be given. Last week's characters were Froissart, Garibaldi, Hildebrand, Isabella, Josephine.

K The Reformation to the Scots he brought,
Gainst Catholic queen with fiery words he fought.

L Ecclesiastic at the Church's helm,
He helped a Norman king to rule our realm.

M Italian author of Il Principe,
His name still gives an adjective today.

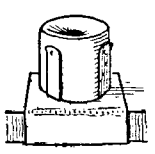
N Financier who, in France's bankrupt state,
Reforms suggested, this to obviate.

O In Germany for many years he reigned,
For strength and skill his title "Great" was gained.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

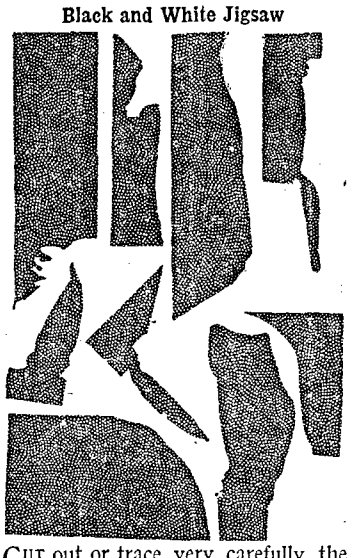
A Safe Inkstand. The danger of inkwells being upset is abolished by this invention, which is specially intended for schools. A metal clip for the edge of the desk is provided with four spring fingers that firmly grip the inkwell.



Saving Gold Cuttings. This device has been designed to prevent wastage when gold and other precious metals are being cut or drilled by hand. It consists of a shield with holes for the thumb and third finger, and the worker wears it on his left hand. The fingers are left free to hold the metal while the tool is used by the right hand, and the cuttings fall into the bottom of the shield. It can be made of aluminium, wood fibre, papier-mache, or vulcanite.



Black and White Jigsaw



CUT out or trace very carefully the nine shapes shown here and arrange them so as to form a giraffe. The figure will be white on a dark background. *Answer next week*

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which make a word square. To turn about. A great lake. Three times three. Profound.

Answer next week

Jacko Makes Things Hum

ONE afternoon Jacko came bounding into the parlour. It was raining cats and dogs, and he had decided to amuse himself by arranging his stamp-collection on the rug in front of the fire. But his luck was out. There was Mrs. Jacko with her feet well in the fender, and in the opposite armchair sat fussy old Aunt Podger.

"Coo! I didn't know *you* were here, Aunt!" said Jacko, not too pleasantly. And he tried to back out of the room.

"Oh, don't go away, my dear!" said Aunt Podger. "I don't often have a chance of talking to you."

Jacko sat down miserably on a little stool. Why Aunt Podger wanted him there was a mystery. She didn't say a word to him, but went on telling his mother long tales about her various cooks and how badly they had behaved.

"Yes, my dear," she was saying; "would you believe it? One of them actually——" But Mrs. Jacko never heard



Out of the bag came—a large kipper!

what the cook had done for Aunt Podger ended her sentence with a terrific sneeze.

"Oh dear! I do hope I haven't caught cold!" she said. "And where *is* my handkerchief? Run, Jacko, and fetch my bag. I left it in the hall with my umbrella."

Jacko was off like a shot, delighted to have a chance of getting out of the room. He took so long fetching the bag that by the time he came back Aunt Podger had quite forgotten all about her sneeze.

"Thank you, dear," she said, putting the bag on her lap. "And I see you've brought Pussy. What a fine cat!"

Jacko grinned. He knew quite well that Aunt Podger didn't like cats, but she always pretended she did because she was on the committee of a Cats' Home.

All the time she was talking to Mrs. Jacko she kept a wary eye on the cat to make sure that it didn't come too near her. Jacko kept a wary eye on the cat too; he was at last beginning to enjoy himself.

Strangely enough, the cat seemed to have taken a great fancy to Aunt Podger. It walked round and round her chair sniffing, and at last it actually jumped up on to her lap.

It was as much as Aunt Podger could do not to scream, but she managed, by a great effort, to look pleasant, though she did put the cat down on the floor gently but firmly.

"Me-ow!" went the cat, and up it jumped again.

The poor lady was nearly distracted.

"I really think Pussy had better go out of the room!" she said. "Oh dear, oh dear! I'm going to sneeze again!"

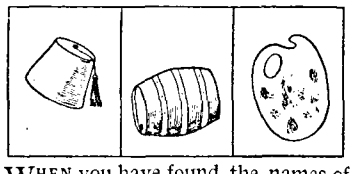
This time she had her bag in her lap, and she hastily opened it to get her handkerchief. But out of the bag came, not the handkerchief—*but a large kipper!*

Which explained why the cat had so loved Aunt Podger. It also explained why Jacko went to bed without his supper.

Do You Live at Marylebone?

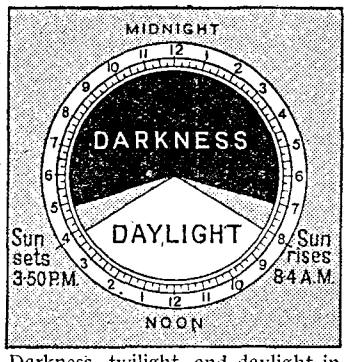
THIS name is really Mary at the Bourne, or brook, referring to the Tyburn which ran there. In the course of time the ur of bourne has been dropped from the name.

A Hidden Animal



WHEN you have found the names of these objects take two consecutive letters from each word and make the name of an animal of the polecat family. *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

Manners Maketh Man

THE students had been asked to write essays on Manners, but one of them, who had a reputation as a wag, asked if he might write on bad manners.

"Oh, yes," replied the professor, "write about what you know best."

Strange But True

"I HEAR that you can swim," said Uncle to his young nephew.

"Yes, Uncle," replied Peter.

"Good. And where did you learn?"

"In the water, Uncle," replied the boy innocently.

Conscience Money

AN elderly Scot, travelling on the last tramcar with his grandson, was seen to be looking at his watch with an eager expression on his face. Suddenly he put it away and exclaimed "Ah!" and, beckoning to the conductor, said:

"I want to pay the rest of my grandson's fare. *He has just become twelve years old.*"

Beef in Hiding

THE lesson had been about domestic animals and their uses, and questions were now being asked by the teacher.

"Jack," she said, "Name one use of a bullock's hide?"

"It keeps the beef together," was the reply of inattentive Jack.

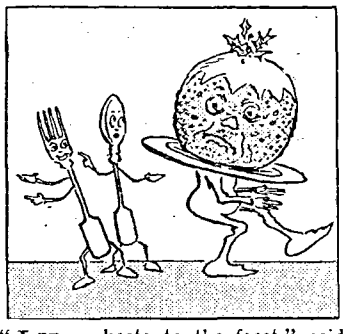
An Expensive Ancestor

MR. NEWRICH was showing an acquaintance round his palatial new abode. The walls were covered with paintings in their gilded frames.

"This," said Mr. Newrich, stopping before a portrait of a knight of old in armour. "This is one of my ancestors."

"Yes, and he was very nearly one of mine," replied the visitor. "I bid up to £2000 for that portrait, but would go no farther."

A Prudent Pudding



"LET us haste to the feast," said the Fork to the Spoon,
And the Spoon replied briefly, "Yes, let's."
But the Pudding turned round and cried "Good afternoon!
Safety First is my motto, my pets!"

A Flight of Imagination

TWO travellers were exchanging yarns, and as time went on the tales became taller and taller, each man trying to outdo the other.

"Yes," said one, "and do you know that after that flight in America the propeller was found to be dripping with whipped cream?"

"Good heavens, man! What do you mean?" asked the other.

"On the way down we passed through the Milky Way."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

An Arithmetical Name
C, I, D, the Cid, the Spanish hero.

What Are We? Clouds.

Changeling
Nail, tail, toil, tool, wool, wood.

A Puzzle in Rhyme.
Southampton.

A Word Square

R	E	A	D
E	V	E	R
A	E	R	O
D	R	O	P

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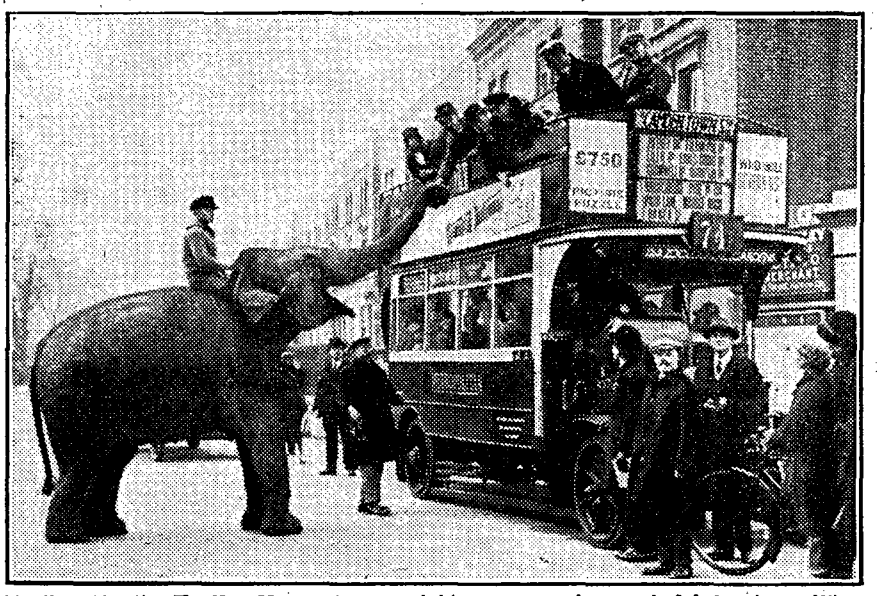
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 15, 1928 — Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

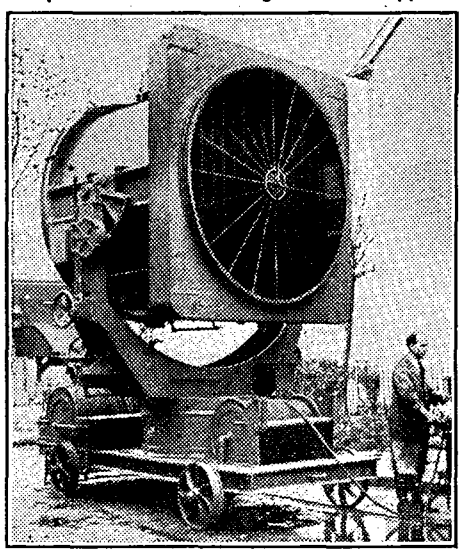
ELEPHANT'S WALK IN LONDON · GIANT SEARCHLIGHT · A FRIENDLY BEAR



Holding Up the Traffic—Many strange sights are seen in wonderful London. When this elephant was taking his morning exercise near Earls Court the busman stopped with surprise and Jumbo thought it a fine opportunity to appeal to the outside passengers.



The River Police—The River Thames, with its multitude of docks and wharves and so on, has its own police, who patrol the waters by night and day. Here we see a police launch approaching the Houses of Parliament one afternoon just before sunset.



World's Biggest Searchlight—This huge searchlight, which is fourteen feet high and is of three and a half million candle-power, has just been made at Croydon. It is the biggest in the world.



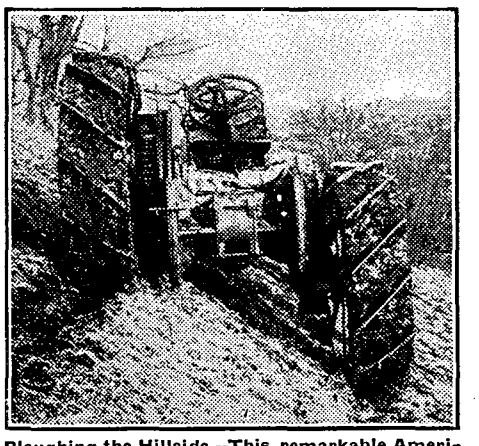
A Boat Above the Housetops—When the great sailing-ship Killoran entered Britannia dry dock for repairs her masts could be seen above the housetops for miles, and her damaged bowsprit actually hung over the backyards of Cubitt Town, as seen here.



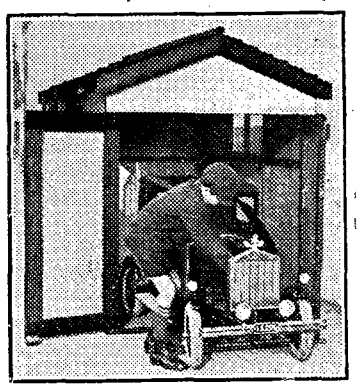
Ice-Hockey in Sweden—The winter sports season begins early in Sweden. The girls in this picture are enjoying a game of ice-hockey near Stockholm. Ice-hockey is an extremely fast game.



A Friendly Bear—Very interesting denizens of the great Jasper National Park in Canada are its black bears, some of which are quite friendly.



Ploughing the Hillside—This remarkable American tractor has adjustable wheels so that ploughing can be done on the sides of steep hills.



A Boy and His Car—With Christmas so near countless boys will be dreaming of model cars and garages like these.



A Little Meeting at the Zoo—This amusing picture from the London Zoo was taken through the glass side of one of the tanks in the Reptile House. It shows three lizards who have met while taking a walk with only the tops of their heads above the water.



A Giant's Mouth—This little boy had a strange experience the other day when a Zoo keeper showed him the hippo's mouth.

A PEEP INTO THE 5000TH NUMBER OF THE C.N.—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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